

**The
Autobiography
of a
RACE HORSE
L.B.Yates**



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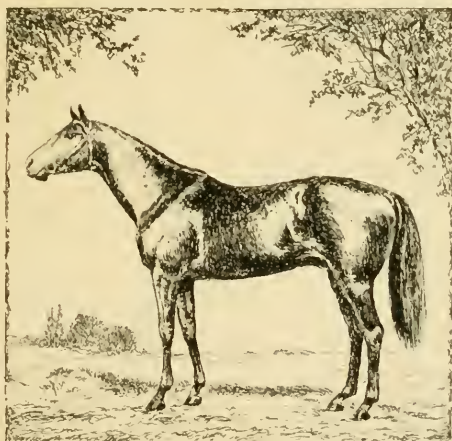
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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A RACE HORSE

L. B. YATES

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AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A
RACE HORSE

BY
L. B. YATES



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THE AUTOBIOGRAPHY
OF A RACE HORSE

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I

YESTERDAY the old dog went out; but he did not come back again. I wonder why! And this morning when I went out to play in the paddock that adjoins my stall I noticed a little mound of fresh-turned earth over in the corner. It got me thinking.

You see, he was a pretty old dog as dogs went; older than most of them, because day before yesterday he had seen sixteen winters and summers. And, though in the life of a man this would not amount to so much, it is more than the allotted span for a dog.

Happy was an English setter; and when I look back it seems only yesterday since he was a little round white cotton ball, always getting in the way of my hoofs or trying to climb up my hind leg and tie my tail into a bow-knot. I tell you I had a lot of trouble raising that puppy, because since he

joined our little company he always slept in one corner of my stall—that is, when he did not make a bed out of my back when I lay down at night; which he usually did, especially when he was younger.

Now, as I said, he went out and did not come back.

Perhaps I should tell you who I am, because I believe that is the correct way to commence a story.

My name is Valor. My father was named Valiant and my mother was called Fairy Queen. I am a thoroughbred race horse. My master says you can trace my pedigree back to the Pyramids, because I come in direct line from the Byerly Turk and the Darley Arabian, which, as everybody knows, laid most of the foundation for the sport of kings and the superlative in speed.

I hope you won't think I am egotistical in mentioning my lineage. But in my travels I have often heard men say that pedigree didn't amount to anything. They were talking about humans, and perhaps in their wisdom they were right so far as men and women are concerned; but you can't apply that theory to race horses or hunting dogs. It seems to me, of course, that good blood and gentle breeding have to be considered wherever one finds it.

Happy, my partner and dearly beloved companion, was also of aristocratic beginnings. I think that helped to make the bond of union between us stronger. It was just as you see well-bred men and women usually seek out their own kind, because one can't be happy unless one consorts with those who are congenial. I have heard a good deal of talk about socialism. It is all right as long as the socialists stick together.

I am getting to be a very old horse now. To be exact, I shall soon celebrate my twenty-seventh birthday. And when I eliminate the altruistic ideas born of the vivacity of youth I find some results that are absolute. The potency of good blood happens to be one of them. During my career on the turf I won more than a hundred races. I was campaigned from Maine to California and from Montreal to Texas. I have run races at all distances and for all amounts from ten dollars to ten thousand.

It has been on my mind for a long time to make a note in some tangible form of my travels and experiences, because I saw a good many things and under many conditions. Being observant I filed them away in the pigeonholes of memory. People talk about horse sense, but I think in most cases the

words are spoken without a realization of what they really mean.

My master paid me a visit this afternoon. He is now a stout middle-aged man and does not look at all like the slim boy of twenty-five years ago, when we commenced our life of adventure together. When he came I knew that something had happened, because he sat down in the corner of the stall and did not say anything for a long time. It was a way he always had whenever calamity of any kind overtook us.

He sat there a long time and then rose and put on my bridle and saddle. Whenever he comes he always takes me out for a gallop. We are a peculiar couple. I am sure he does this to prove to me that he remembers the days of our pilgrimages.

Of course things are a little different now. Candidly I am not so spry as I used to be and sometimes I have to smile when he puts his foot in the stirrup and mounts me. There is such a big difference between a hundred and eight pounds and close to one hundred and eighty.

These occasions are the great events in my life, because we go off down the road together just as we used to in the old days, the only difference being that we always come back to the same stable.

In the early part of our career once we left a place we kept on going. Those were the days of the magnificent adventure, of triumphs and defeats, of poverty sometimes, and unbelievable affluence at others. It was a wonderful partnership. He could ride and I could run. There is no combination like that of youth and ability.

So we went out on the little sand road back of the stable, and I broke into a canter, as I usually do; and I bowed my neck and reached for the bit just as I would have done years ago when we had real work ahead of us. When I did that I could feel my master's fingers creeping along the reins for a better hold, and I sensed that his knees were gripping the saddle flaps. I knew what that meant; so I gave one mighty lunge forward and away we went. I really flatter myself that I can run a short distance yet as fast as I ever could.

This is not a vainglorious statement, because I won races up to the time I was seventeen years old, and in fast company too; in fact, I won the last race I ever ran, and might have continued had not my master retired me. Since that time I have had a big box stall and a large paddock to play in on sunny days. Perhaps that is best; but if you ask me I really believe I could have lasted two or three years

more. We may lose a good deal in this world, but never our vanity. That attribute seems to remain with all living things to the end.

My master allowed me to breeze only about a sixteenth of a mile; then he pulled me up. He dismounted and led me to the fence corner and sat down. We were both puffing just a little. I reached over and pulled his handkerchief out of his pocket. It was one of the tricks he taught me in the early days. . . . I say one of the tricks because I knew a great many. Why, do you know, if my master touched with his whip on the right pastern I could go so lame that any observer would think I could not hobble back to my own stall, let alone race!

My education was a liberal one. Candidly I think that, between us, my master and I were the original inventors of camouflage. I will tell you more about this later.

My master pulled the handkerchief out of my mouth, making believe that he was very angry.

"You damned old pirate!" he exclaimed. "You never forget anything. Well, it's a blessed thing for me that you can't talk!"

But, for all that, he was not in so pleasant a mood as usual. He was very grave and from his manner I knew that something had happened. He

pulled the reins over my head and led me back to the barn. We stopped at the corner of the paddock and looked at the little mound of fresh-turned earth.

We stood there quite a long time. He did not say anything; but he did not have to, because I knew then that one of our partners had passed out of our lives. We are both too old to form new friendships or center our affections on strange people; so I knew that, after this, Happy would be but a memory.

He was only a dog, to be sure; but what a dog! How faithful and honest and sincere, possessing all the virtues and none of the vices so common in this workaday world! I don't want to say anything more than this: He was my friend and my master's friend, which is enough. Wherever he went he carried with him a large share of our affection, and was one that can ill be missed from the narrow circle of those we love.

I first saw the light of this world on Christmas Day. Now you might say that if I had searched the whole calendar I could not have found a more auspicious occasion for my advent; but really my coming on that date was nothing short of a tragedy.

If the general order of things had been preserved

I should probably have been born somewhere near the end of the January following, but as things were I occupied the peculiar position of being called a yearling when I was really only five days old.

Let me explain this: The rules of racing say that all colts date in age from the first of the year in which they are born. It doesn't matter whether they are born in January or December of any particular year; their ages date from the first of January. So when my brothers and sisters were sent to the sales ring as yearlings I was listed as a two-year-old.

In other words, I was debarred from entrance into all the big stakes given for juveniles by the various jockey clubs. In my two-year-old form I carried the same weights and shouldered the same penalties as if I had been a three-year-old. That wasn't a very good start, was it?

My first recollection goes back to a man who peered into the semidarkness of the stall my mother called home. It was breaking day, and I just staggered weakly to my feet and stood with my little spindly legs wide apart, blinking at the strange apparition. Very few babies have been accorded such a reception; because this man was swearing in a soft monotone—cursing the luck that brought me into the world a few days ahead of official dictum.

Then I remember he called to some one down in the barn:

"Say, Jack, looka heah! Ole Fairy Queen has gone and foaled a colt, an' it's Christmas Day! Ain't that an all-fired shame?"

The man addressed was nicknamed Sunday because of his religious leanings. In after years I came to realize that he was a very sincere Christian.

"Look at him!" resumed the first speaker. "He ain't as big as a jack rabbit."

Sunday studied me for a few moments.

"You don't read the Bible, colonel," he replied, "or you would know what it says about the stone the builders rejected."

"The Bible is all right," retorted the big man acidly, "but it hasn't got anything to do with the rules of a jockey club."

"It's got something to do about everything," enjoined the other; "and you can't tell. He might make all the speed marvels eat his dust some day."

Such were the circumstances surrounding my début. This man Sunday was my good friend until I left the farm. He was as gentle and kindly a soul as I ever met in the course of my travels.

There isn't much to relate about the first year of

my existence, except that shortly after my birth my mother died, and consequently I did not have the full benefits of maternal care accorded to me. So it was that when my brothers and sisters on the farm were sleek and husky I was a little stunted somebody from lack of natural sustenance. My coat grew long and harsh, and instead of lying in satiny abundance it mostly curled toward my ears. I was the runt of the family.

But out of it all I learned much that stood me in good stead in after life, because I knew how to fight my way to the feed trough; and if any of my larger companions disputed the passage I could slash them broadside with my teeth or handle my fore feet as readily as a trained pugilist. Then I had speed—that was born in me.

When I was only a few weeks old I used to love to run in circles round my mother. I would curl my stump of a tail over my back and race until my little heart beat a rataplan against my ribs. Then, when I got older and when the other colts galloped at night from the pasture to the big home barn, it was my glory to outstrip them. I used to love to start behind the bunch, work my way through, and lope into the yard several lengths ahead. Impromptu-

tu contests of this kind always made the big man swear.

"That little imp certainly can run!" he would say to Jack. "And he isn't big enough to carry a sack of peanuts and win a race!"

Jack always took my part.

"You can't tell," he would say. "If he was mine I'd give him a chance. Size doesn't make speed."

But the colonel was obdurate and I should never have even been sent to the sales ring had it not been for the fact that there was an empty stall in the express car in which we were shipped; and I was put aboard at the last moment.

I certainly was the prize joke. My original owner had a reputation for breeding the best. When we got to New York and were led one by one into the sales ring we found ourselves facing for approval all the big owners of race horses who helped to make the turf history of their time.

The bidding on my brothers and sisters was exciting. They all sold for more than two thousand dollars apiece. Then I was led in last. Beside them I looked like a Shetland pony and my appearance created a round of laughter. I shall never forget the auctioneer's introduction—how he dwelt upon the pedigree and performances of my father and

mother, and laughingly exhorted those who wished to purchase a real race horse to bid on me.

This man was widely known for his wit. He eulogized my poor little self as if I had been the most kingly thoroughbred that ever passed before him. And men stood round enjoying his talk and laughing heartily at each sally. But no one bid.

In a spirit of jocularly he asked for an offer of ten thousand dollars and scaled it down gradually until he got to a hundred. Even then there was no responding voice; and finally he shrilled:

“Won’t some gentleman present give thirty dollars for this bundle of speed?”

Then a quiet young fellow who was standing on the edge of the sales ring said:

“I’ll give you thirty dollars for him.”

Bang! Down went the hammer. I had found a new owner. There was nothing very auspicious surrounding my beginnings, was there?

“What are you going to do with him?” queried a rough, loud-mouthed individual. “Think you’ll make a race horse out of him—eh?”

“No,” responded my new owner quietly; “I’m going to teach him to play the piano.”

That same night I was loaded into a box car; and I found I was going to have two companions on my

journey. One of them was a pretty little chestnut mare that looked every inch a thoroughbred. The other was a dapple gray. I think he was the handsomest horse I ever saw.

I afterward found out that his name was Grasshopper. He had a white tail and mane; the former trailed along the ground as he walked and was just like so much shredded silver. When he raced it blew out behind him like a squirrel's tail. He also had a long arched neck, little ears and a beautiful head, with soft kindly brown eyes.

We were backed into stalls in the end of the car; my traveling companions were in their stalls when I arrived. The gray horse saluted me genially. He said:

"Hello, kid! Where'd you come from?"

I was not bashful, because, as I have told you before, up to that time I had had to fight with my brothers and sisters for everything I got. So I just said:

"Oh, I just came from over yonder. Where have you been and where do you hail from?"

This talk of mine made the gray horse laugh. He turned toward the mare and said:

"I guess he'll do in any company."

And the lady nodded her head and laughed back.

She was always very choice of her words, as all young ladies should be; and she said:

"Oh, yes; his education certainly has not been neglected. He should be a valuable addition to our little circle."

Just think of my being a valuable addition to anything! But, at the same time, I felt mighty proud and sensed that I should not lose my place in the conversation; so I asked again:

"Where have you folks been and where did you come from?"

"Oh," said the gray horse, "we came from—er — Let's see, Jane. Where did we come from?"

And she said:

"Oh, yes; what was the last town?"

The gray horse nodded his head solemnly and replied:

"Oh, hush! I never was good at names anyway."

"You could make it easier for us," volunteered the lady, "if you asked where we hadn't been."

"Oh!" said I.

"Yes," she continued with an air of superiority; "we've been everywhere. Haven't we, Grassy?"

"Oh, yes, if you want to put it that way. I guess we have," he attested.

Of course afterward they told me all about their

travels up and down the country; and how they had raced in every town worth while from coast to coast. But that was later, when I got their confidence.

You see, a horse has just as much wisdom as a man in matters of this kind—sometimes more, in fact. He never shows or tells you all he knows at once.

After a while an engine came and we were shunted to the main track. There was a lot of hay and a few sacks of oats in our car; and I must not forget to mention the fact that our stalls were bedded deep with straw. I did not know then what the significance of this was; but the gray horse voiced the opinion that we were booked for a long journey. And the mare agreed with him.

I ventured to ask where they thought we were going; but the lady said that didn't make any difference so long as we were on our way. She said we generally traveled with the birds. I did not know what that meant just then, but subsequently I found out it meant that our stable usually journeyed with the season, going to places where the weather would be propitious for racing all the year round. So, as I said before, we were hooked on to a long train; and away we went.

Now I must stop and tell you something about

Barney, because he was the boy who took care of us. And he made his home in the car while we traveled.

Barney was a slender young fellow, with a bright complexion and a whimsical cast of countenance. He did not look a bit like my friend Sunday, back on the farm; but the gray horse told me he was a prince.

Of course this was a figure of speech, because Barney did not look like any prince and didn't have a crown. But I found out as we went along that he had as good a heart as any king.

Barney was not very particular about his dress. He wore an old slouch hat and a flannel shirt open at the neck which, added to the fact that he usually slept in his clothes on a pile of straw in a corner of the car, meant he would not have been exactly presentable in polite society—that is, of course, among cultured people who didn't know what Barney really stood for.

First, he hung a lantern in the center of the car and guyed it out with ropes so that it would not sway with the motion of the train. Then he pulled the big doors to, leaving just enough space for fresh air to course through. Next he hung a large cooling

sheet on the bar in front of our stalls, so the wind would not strike us.

I tell you we were pretty comfortable. He was always petting us. And I think he gave me more than my share. His pockets seemed to be a regular mine of lumps of sugar. The gray horse told me that whenever Barney went to a restaurant the first thing he did was to empty the sugar bowl. It seemed to me he must have emptied every one there. I asked my informant if that wasn't stealing, to which he replied:

"No; oh, no! There are three things you can't steal—sugar for horses, or dogs; or game chickens."

I asked him how he knew that. And he replied that Barney always did it; and nothing the prince did could be wrong.

At first I did not want to take the sugar Prince Barney offered me, because no one on the farm had ever given me any; but he bit a lump in two and forced it in between my lips. Then I tasted it. Pretty soon I was like the rest of them—always trying to steal some out of his pocket when he got close enough.

Whenever we stopped at any place long enough he would always bring back carrots or some kind of green feed. He also put a little pine tar on my

tongue. I did not like that; but Grasshopper told me it kept away lots of diseases that horses are liable to catch in traveling round the country.

Of course I don't want you to run away with the idea that Prince Barney was a saint, by any means. One of his failings was that he loved to gamble. It seemed to me he found people to gamble with everywhere. Whenever he won any money he would come to the car and separate it into two piles, one of which he would put in an envelope; and the other he would put back into his pocket.

I asked the gray horse why he did this; and he said that Barney always sent half of what he made to his mother and the rest he just gambled away. He wouldn't buy himself clothes or anything; in fact, my master had to keep him supplied. Barney did not care particularly what he bet on, so long as he was gambling. Otherwise I suppose you might have called him a Christian, though he never went to church or quoted pieces out of the Bible, like Sunday. I found out afterward that most men and women have some particular weakness. If it isn't one thing it is another. The best people I ever met had little failings; and I think the only way to do is to take folks at their best and remember all the good things you can; so whenever I think

of Barney I just remember his kind heart and his gentle ways with us horses and forget the fact that he was an unkempt happy-go-lucky gambler and sometimes got drunk. I do know that he would have shared his last cent with anybody; and you can't tell me that won't count for anything when the final reckoning is added up.

Perhaps I should have told you there were two other occupants of the car. One was a black-and-white greyhound called Mayflower and the other was a gamecock called Bill. They both belonged to Barney. According to all I could gather, the game chicken was a pretty tough citizen. I understand he had won some important battles.

The gray horse told me that, once when they were down on the Mexican border, Barney got into some trouble and they were going to put him in jail; but the chief of the rurales was a great chicken fighter and Barney told him about the wonderful bird he had. So they made a match with a bird owned by the alcalde; and when they won it the chief turned Barney loose as a mark of his esteem. This is, of course, another anecdote, which I shall relate at length farther along. I learned, too, that the greyhound had won several coursing matches.

So we were what one might call a pretty sporty crowd.

One evening the train on which we were riding was shunted to a sidetrack. They told us that there had been a wreck ahead and that we should be delayed several hours; so Barney started off "to look the town over," as he expressed it.

I guess he must have taken a pretty good view of it, because along toward midnight I heard somebody singing outside the car.

The gray horse laughed and said:

"Here comes Barney, all lit up!"

Of course I did not know what that meant; so I asked him, and he thought I certainly was a very ignorant young person. He explained to me that there were several other names for the term he used, but that in a general way it meant that you had been looking upon the lights of the city and taken on a cargo of joy stuff. He said joy stuff made one feel happy.

I confess I did not exactly catch his meaning, except that I knew Barney was feeling happy. He was singing a song he always sang when he was in this mood. I got to know it after a while. I think he must have made it up himself, because I never heard it any other place. The name of the song was

Got to Get a Livin', and the chorus of it ran like this:

You've got to get a livin'; you need it all the time.

You've got to eat and drink and sleep and smoke.

With prices soaring nowadays the public is the goat which pays.

You buy a modest meal and you are broke!

And folks which listen to me sing

Know every little, little thing—

Know everything I say is truly true.

You may be black or white or red;

But if you ain't reported dead

You've got to get a livin'; yés, you do!

The joke of it was that Barney seemed to worry less about getting a living than any one I ever met. Barney's great motto was: "Live horse and you'll get grass."

Barney climbed into the car, looking rather more disreputable than usual. He started to lie down, but he seemed to remember that we might want water; so he took the bucket and went out and got some and brought it back. Drunk or sober, Barney never forgot to look out for us.

And, speaking about water for a horse, you can always take off your hat to the person who has been thoughtful enough to erect a fountain where horses may be watered. More horses suffer from thirst in the summertime owing to the neglect of inhuman drivers than any other of our dumb friends.

On the morning of the second day of our travels Barney spread a lot of straw in the other end of the car from where we were standing and led the gray horse over there. He tied a rope crossways and threw a blanket over that. Pretty soon the gray horse lay down, and Barney appeared to be very much pleased.

He used to talk to us just as if we were people; so it was never any trouble to find out what Barney was thinking about. He told me all his troubles in the course of our travels, because, he said, you have got to tell somebody. If you confide in a horse he can't go and spill it to somebody else; and you've got it off your chest just the same.

Barney had a crude way of expressing things, of course; but if you figure it out there was a good deal in his philosophy of life.

The gray horse appeared to be used to this; and he told me afterward that it was one of the greatest things in the world for a horse traveling a long journey. He said that sometimes, when he traveled alone, Barney would fix it so that he could lie down most of the way. Sometimes he would be entered in a race the very day they took him off the cars. He said probably he was going to race at the next town.

It was on this trip I got my first lesson and real training. Barney taught me to lie down myself. He commenced gentling me by rubbing his hands along my legs and lifting my feet one by one. Then, when we stopped at a station he led me over to the other end of the car where the gray horse had been lying down. He was very gentle with me. He lifted one of my front feet and held it up against the elbow; then he twisted my head round. He did this two or three times just a little way; and when he saw I was not afraid he pulled my head just a little farther round than it had been before. First thing I knew I was lying broadside on the soft straw.

Of course I struggled and tried to get up; but Barney held my head down and kept petting me and talking. Pretty soon I ceased to struggle; then he let me sit up and pulled my legs under me, so I should be comfortable. He still kept on soothing me; and I found it was mighty nice way to ride instead of standing up. After a while he let go of my head and took some carrots out of his pocket. He split them lengthwise with his knife and gave me little pieces at a time; so I forgot all about how I had been forced down and commenced to enjoy the trip that way.

Then Barney got up and left me and went over

to the other horses, and I just lay there quite comfortable. That was the only lesson I ever needed in the art of traveling. Afterward whenever I was turned loose in one end of the car I would lie down just as soon as the car commenced to rock.

It is a good thing for a horse or a man to lie down and rest occasionally—even if it is for only a few minutes in the middle of the day. All the great horses I ever knew lay down a good deal, because nervous horses or nervous men, who are always moving round, frequently wear out their surplus energy before they really need it for a supreme effort.

We traveled two days and nights; and on the third morning we arrived at a small town in one of the Southern States. I can't remember the name of it just now, but I know there was a fair of some kind going on. We were unloaded and taken out to the race track. That was the first time I had seen my new owner since my purchase. I imagine he arrived on an express train ahead of us, because he came to the car and led me out to the fairground. Barney led the two other horses. They looked very swell in their pretty hoods and blankets. I guess I must have cut a sorry figure walking behind those two royal personages; but my new master didn't

seem to mind. He petted me a good deal and talked to me most of the way out.

I might say here that a horse loves to be talked to, and most horses will be very gentle so long as their riders sing to them. The reason of this is that we have great confidence in the human voice. Instinct tells us that as long as a man sings he is not afraid of anything; so there is no cause for us to worry. It is the same way with cattle on the range. The cowboys always sing to them.

Before I tell you about our first real adventure in the racing world I should like to say something in a general way about the turf, because I don't think any sport or pastime has been more misunderstood. I speak particularly about criticism upon the way in which it is conducted. This has been the great stumbling block ever since racing was patronized in this country.

I regret to say that a great many unthinking people are loud in their denunciation of racing. They are too prone to allege that everything about the race track is crooked and dishonest. There never was a greater mistake.

It is also safe to assert that ninety-nine per cent. of the jockeys ride to win. It is ridiculous and criminal for unthinking persons to brand these game little

fellows, in a general way, as being dishonest. Many of them are either striving for a reputation or are endeavoring to sustain one.

It is natural that these boys should make mistakes; but usually they are those of the head and muscles rather than of the heart. And if you ever rode a race yourself you would know how easy it is to lose by having your horse swerve a couple of inches to the right or to the left, as the case may be, or the hundred and one other things that can happen to a horse and his rider during the running.

Some of our riders, of course, have arrived at the years of discretion, but a great many of them are little boys in their early teens. They often go out to ride with their heads full of instructions about what positions they are to maintain at various stages of the race. Very frequently the actual conditions of the running prevent them from carrying out their instructions. It is so easy for a trainer to alibi on the boy.

I don't mean to say that all trainers do this, but sometimes, when a man is handling the horses of a rich owner who bets extensively, he is very apt to pass his lack of knowledge of the horse or his mistakes in judgment on to his rider; and some affluent owners are very bad losers.

The nubbin of the whole thing is that in order to write about or judge the activities of the turf intelligently one must have some intimate knowledge of horses, their riders and trainers. It is best to eliminate the personal equation and judge them from the same standpoint and with the same reservations and allowances you would accord to anything else in the ordinary trend of affairs. Above all, one must not allow his opinion to be swayed or his natural perception blinded by the fact that he has bet on a loser.

I don't want any one to understand that I hold any brief for the evil practices on the turf now or at any other time, because so long as men race horses or court women or exchange merchandise for money there will always be a certain percentage of those who do not want to play the game according to the rules. You can meet these individuals inside a church just as readily as you can meet them on the quarter stretch of the race track. Old human nature has never changed in its integral parts as it has rattled down through the ages.

Civilization polishes, but never yet has it seeped in so deep that it penetrated the true inwardness of any man or woman. You can apply the same rule to animals. If a race horse is born a weak-heart-

coward that will curl up and quit whenever called upon for a supreme effort, no amount of training will educate that out of him, and he will always fail you at the critical moment.

There is an average of eight horses in every race. And, whether the dash be long or short, so many things can happen in the course of the running that haphazard criticism is not only unfair but also an absolute manifestation of ignorance.

A horse is not a machine. In temperament he is a good deal like the average human being. He may feel at his very best to-day and win a race in impressive fashion, but to-morrow, when contesting with much cheaper company, he may be beaten soundly, simply because he has trained off or feels a little out of sorts; or, again, the race may not have been run to suit him.

By the latter term I mean that some horses run better when rated along in front and when allowed to make their own pace. Others are slow beginners and do most of their running in the home stretch. They race better in the bunch and come from behind. Other horses are what we should call, in human beings, temperamental. If jostled or bumped in the early stages they absolutely refuse to extend themselves. But if given clear sailing they will run

a great race. Some horses run to form all the time; but they are exceptions.

The inside history of the turf as regards its darkest phases would be—if written—a succession of anecdotes about good things that have gone wrong. It is an old saying that the cheaters live on snowballs in the wintertime. And I think this is absolutely true. Very few men who ever indulged in questionable practices on the turf ever left enough to settle with the undertaker when they died.

So, if you want to have an object lesson that honesty is the best policy, just get some old-timer to tell you the story of the number of men who thought they were really smart—I mean in the way of stealing something—on the turf and ever got away with a nickel. When I said “smart” I should have used the term “cunning.” A smart man is too wise to cheat.

Racing was never misnamed the sport of kings. It is the healthiest recreation I know of and the best medicine to wear the ragged edges off one's nerves. If more of our rich men could only realize what a tonic it is there would be more race-horse owners.

I say this in all seriousness. Half the ills of the world could be traced back to the fact that men and women are so self-contained, self-centered and com-

pletely eaten up by their own ego they wear themselves out before the appointed time. But if they were to purchase a few race horses, fuss with them occasionally, and go out to the track on sunny afternoons, get right down to Mother Earth and yell their heads off, they would again become the human beings God made them; they would acquire a new lease of life—a more healthy slant on their fellow mortals and a keener appreciation of what a good old world it really is.

My master has always told me the feeling when one sees his own racing colors come home in front is such that all the money in the world could not purchase it. Many of our greatest statesmen and prominent citizens in this country have been keen supporters of the race horse, and it is needless to say that the greatest minds in England and her colonial possessions have always maintained racing stables. This has been going on for hundreds of years and you will have to give them credit for knowing how to get the most out of life.

In His infinite wisdom the Lord created man, and He created also the racing horse. Can any one say that He was dissatisfied with His handiwork?

But to get back to my story: We were taken out to the fairground and put away in box stalls. We

were well bedded down, and the doors were kept shut all day, so we could have a good rest after our travels. Then, next morning, the saddles were put on Grasshopper and the mare, while I was turned out in a little paddock beside the race track. This was fine, because I could see everything that was going on. Of course I played round a while and got what you might call the kinks out of my legs. Then I began to take note of my surroundings.

The track itself was a little half-mile affair such as nearly every town boasted of at that time. It appeared to be crowded with tents and people. Of course nowadays I should think it was a very small affair; but at that time I saw as children do—and everything looked very big.

My master rode the gray horse and Barney was mounted on the mare. They trotted round the track a couple of times and then pulled up and walked a little way. After that they commenced to canter, and when they arrived at the quarter pole, which was on the opposite side of the track, they broke away.

My, how those horses did run! I used to think that back on the farm we could race when we were hurrying to supper, but I had no idea there was so

much speed in the world as the gray horse and chestnut mare showed that morning.

My little paddock was about halfway down the home stretch and they rushed past me just like an express train. They were running head and head, and when they got round the turn below the grand stand they pulled up. Then they walked quietly back to the barn, where they were rubbed down and walked round with light coolers on them until they were thoroughly blown out. After that they were given a more thorough dressing with rubbers and sponges and soft brushes until their coats shone like satin.

I had no idea that it took such a tremendous lot of work to complete a race horse's toilet. Why, even their feet were picked out very carefully and then washed! I noticed they were handled very gently; and they appeared to enjoy the process thoroughly.

When I was taken into my stall at luncheon time the gray horse told me he was going to race that afternoon. Then I heard my master and Barney talking; so, putting two and two together, I gathered that the race, or match, was to be for quite a large sum. I think the stakes were two thousand dollars, and there were a great many outside bets.

Of course I was very much excited. I kept asking the gray horse all kinds of questions. And the wonder of it all was that he appeared to be the least interested of any one round there. All he would say was:

“It’s my job.”

Grassy was quite a philosopher in his way. His idea of life was that every one had some gift which enabled him to do some particular thing better than the general run of people.

And he took it as a matter of course that his mission in life was to run races and win them if he could.

His argument was that no one should be stuck up because he did some particular thing well. He always maintained that somebody else could do something else better than you could. So, after all, Providence equalized everything. Funny old horse, wasn’t he?

A tremendous crowd gathered at the track that afternoon. I suppose really there were not more than two thousand people, all told; but to an unsophisticated racehorse person, such as I was, they looked like countless millions.

A big red-faced man with a foghorn voice was selling pools on the race. My, what a voice he had!

I can hear him yet. But he talked so fast that it was hard to follow him. It was just like drumsticks rolling on snare drums. The pools were snapped up almost as fast as he opened his mouth.

Grasshopper was the favorite. He sold for a hundred dollars and the horse running against him brought ninety. I learned afterward that the latter was nicknamed the Missouri Ghost. His real name was Jim Fiske. He had won ever so many matches. He was backed entirely by the local crowd. My master bought nearly all the pools that were sold on Grasshopper.

Barney had four or five hundred dollars of his own, which he had won in gambling the night before. It is needless to say he bet that. I can never understand how he kept it long enough to do so, because he must have had it eight or ten hours before the race. I think he broke a record.

After every one had their bets arranged and the donkey-voiced man had sold the last pool he could the horses were called to the post. That was the first time I had ever seen a racing jacket, because my master usually had a long overcoat on; and when he took it off and put on his racing cap he appeared in the conventional jockey costume. My, but he looked

good to me, arrayed as he was in the finest livery in the world!

Barney was very busy about this time. He led Grasshopper down from the stable; and he had the smallest saddle on him I ever saw. One of the men leaning against the fence said it looked like a postage stamp. But it really weighed, fully rigged, two and a half pounds.

Grassy winked to me as he was passing by. Gosh, that horse had nerve! I was so excited that I felt like jumping over the fence and starting a race on my own account; but he walked along just as if Barney was leading him to water.

Then the Missouri Ghost made his appearance. He was a big bay horse, with tremendous length and rather short legs. I never saw a race horse with such quarters and forelegs. They stood out from the rest of his body like the muscles of a heavyweight wrestler. He was ridden by a little Indian half-breed who did not appear to weigh more than eighty pounds. Instead of a saddle, he had a surcingle strapped round his body, with the stirrups attached to it.

Even then the Missourians were canny people! And as the match was made for catchweights, which means that the owners could put as light a weight

as they wished on their horses, they played the game with all the advantages.

The distance to be run was a quarter of a mile. That was the favorite distance for a match race in those days. Quarter horses—or “short horses,” as they were called in the vernacular—were hardly ever thoroughbreds. They were usually half or three-quarter breeds, but mostly they were of unknown breed. They could run only a short distance.

I have seen horses that could not carry their speed for more than two hundred yards, after which they would fade away to nothing. While they did run, however, they could cover the ground faster than anything that wore iron.

The start was made from the quarter pole at the other side of the track. They started in old-fashioned style and by mutual consent. It was called “Ask and Answer,” because one rider asked the other if he was ready and tried to coax him away over a line drawn across the track. Whenever both horses crossed the line together it was a go.

Not much time was wasted in preliminaries. After two or three breaks they raced away together. Grasshopper seemed to have the best of the start by half a length; but before they got to the first turn the Missouri Ghost caught him and they raced head

and head right down the home stretch to where I was standing.

Both riders were urging their horses to the utmost, but as they passed me Grassy half-stumbled to his knees. He made a heroic effort to recover himself and partially did so; but it was too late, and the Missouri horse beat him by the shortest of heads at the judge's stand.

Calamity certainly camped with us that night. It was really an exemplification of the old adage about the glorious uncertainties of the turf. I could almost have shed tears when Barney led Grasshopper past the paddock and back to his table. I could scarcely believe my ears, because that scamp Barney was whistling! The loss of money never meant anything to him. When he wasn't whistling he was telling Grasshopper that it was "damn tough luck!" He said: "If you hadn't twisted your shoe in the stretch you'd have beat him by forty miles! but we'll get him again before the snow flies."

There were no yesterdays in Barney's calendar; they were all to-morrows.

That night I heard my master and Barney talking outside my stall. Barney was as optimistic as ever; but from their conversation I learned that every cent they had in the world had been lost on the

race. They talked away into the night, sitting on a bale of hay and planning some way out of their dilemma.

There is no conversation in the world like that of two boys mortgaging the future. It is surcharged with hope and trust and confidence—a brand of faith that is always associated with youth, before the paint and tinsel of life get rubbed off and the grand belief in everything starts drifting downstream.

II

NEXT morning Barney was whistling as usual. I gathered that Grasshopper had twisted a shoe in the race of the day before. I saw the shoe, because Barney had taken it off and was straightening it out in front of my stall. It was bent almost double; and the wonder of it all was how the game little horse managed to run as good a race as he did. He was also remarkably lucky, when we come to consider the fact, that he did not cut his leg off against its sharp edge.

Of course my master and Barney did not tell anyone that this accident had happened. Barney straightened the shoe out himself and put it back on the horse. In this respect Barney was really a wonderful character. In many ways he was quite a mechanical genius. Like some people, he appeared instinctively to sense machinery and movement. He could shoe a horse as well as any blacksmith; better than most of them, because he knew all about the structural conformation of a horse's hoof—which was a very rare thing in those days. Most horses were shod without any regard to the form of the foot itself.

In this connection I might caution you against letting a blacksmith put a hot shoe on your horses's hoof. See that he makes the shoe fit the hoof. Don't let him pare down the hoof to fit the shoe.

Barney was singing a song—the one he always sang especially when something had gone wrong with him or us. So on this particular morning he sang *Got to Get a Livin' over and over again*. My master came down to the stable early and asked Barney how he felt.

“If I felt any better they'd have to set on my head an' cut the harness loose before I kicked the family carriage all to pieces,” he answered.

Barney never was lost for metaphor; he was one of those people who are witty without knowing it—which is a remarkable gift.

That morning I acquired some additional information, because Grasshopper told me the story of his beginnings. He was more communicative than usual, but philosophic, as he always was; he explained that if he hadn't twisted his shoe the day before he should have beaten the Missouri Ghost easily. Still, he said, the trouble with horse racing was that accidents would happen.

I asked him where he came from originally and how my master came to own him. He told me that

he was born in Idaho and confessed that he was not a thoroughbred horse. He qualified this statement a little by saying that he expected he did not have the regulation five crosses to go back to. A thoroughbred must be able to show in his pedigree five distinct generations of pure blood. It is a good thing that some humans don't have to do that, isn't it?

Grassy said that he had been won in a poker game; he also told me that his grandfather was Lexington. He did not know much about his mother's family, except that she was a very fast quarter mare called Toots. He knew she had some thoroughbred blood, but he could not tell exactly how much. He had the advantage of some people, because he told the truth about his pedigree anyway. If Grassy had been a man he would never have written to the College of Heralds in the endeavor to acquire a coat of arms after he had achieved fame or wealth.

Of course I told him that he need not apologize to me for his ancestors, because any horse that could run as fast as he could had heritage enough and shouldn't be ashamed of his family. And he said he wasn't—only he thought it best that we should understand each other at the start; which, when you come to think of it, is a good thing, whether it relates to men or horses.

Grassy told me he was ten years old. He had had many and varied experiences, and was first owned by a ranchman out near Bois , Idaho. He said that was the real home of the little-ways horse—which meant the quarter horse. He had raced from the time he was a three-year-old, and a gambler coming through had won him from his original owner on some kind of betting proposition. I think he had been bet on a quarter race against two thousand dollars. The race was between two other horses; anyway, the gambler had won him.

He told me that from Bois  they had gone away up in the Northwest.

He had made the trip overland; this gambler had driven him to a buggy most of the way. They had stopped at the various towns en route, wherever there was a chance to race. The country was full of quarter horses at that time, and he said that in their travels he never lost a race. He met them all, except a horse called Bob Wade. I asked him if he could beat him and he said:

“No; nobody could beat Bob Wade when he was good. They all thought they could; but it stopped there.”

Then he went on and related a wonderful story about a race up in that country. He said that com-

paratively very little money had been bet, but thousands of acres of land, horses, farming implements and furs had been wagered on that race. One man had bet the contents of a general store; in fact, the opposing parties had gambled everything except their wives and children.

Anyway, the race came off and Grassy won it. His owner did not get all the money won, of course, because the winnings had been scattered round among a number of people; but he won a very considerable sum, both in money and property.

Then they all started in playing poker. In those days they played real poker, by which I mean that the game was not limited. They played table stakes. It was the only test of a man's nerve and judgment. He said that under modern conditions the great American game had deteriorated. That it was only "show-down" now.

The game he told me of must have been intensely exciting. Most of the participants in it were professional gamblers and all of them cheated if they could. They were experts at playing with advantages. Grassy said they gambled for three days and nights without getting up from the table; and then, when his owner was dealing, several very big hands made their appearance. Every one bet the limit and,

among other things, his owner had staked him against one thousand dollars.

Then there was a show-down; and simultaneously a man who held four kings pulled a pistol and shot Grassy's owner—killed him dead, right across the table.

There was no argument regarding the moral justice of this act, because the dead man was found to have six cards in his hand. I suppose he got caught while trying to palm the extra card.

But all this, of course, led to legal complications, because the police came and took away the man who had killed Grassy's owner. Grassy did not know what eventually became of him. After Grassy had been kept in a stable for a month or so he was sold at public auction; and as he was not big enough to plow on a farm my master, who happened to be up there then, had purchased him for a comparatively small sum. But it was all the money he had; which, after all, is the biggest price any one can pay for anything.

Grassy said that there was comedy as well as tragedy connected with this poker game. One man who sat in the game had won six barrels of soda crackers from the storekeeper on the quarter race. He had loaded them onto a wagon, which was left standing

outside the hotel; and I suppose he forgot all about it in the excitement of the poker game. As it was, however, a very heavy rainstorm came up and the water soaked through the barrels, melting the crackers into soggy masses of dough.

In those days crackers were worth some money away up in that country, and the man who had won them borrowed a hundred dollars during the progress of the game from another player, giving them as security. When the game was over and the new owner of the crackers discovered their condition he went stark raving crazy. He threatened to kill the man who had borrowed the money from him. But everybody laughed at him so much he decided to make the best of it.

Grassy told me that he heard afterward that the man had traded them off to somebody else without saying anything about their condition. It appears that they were sold and traded several times in this way and eventually became the center of a big lawsuit, which puzzled the courts of justice for many years.

The Grasshopper also told me that he had met the famous Hickory Jim on this trip. He said that nobody knew how old Hickory Jim was, but that he had run at all distances for ever so many years. He

took his name from Old Hickory Jim Davis, his owner. Davis was supposed to be a hundred years old, and goodness only knows how old the horse was; but he won races on the big and little tracks just the same. Even nowadays, whenever turf followers want to place the date of some happening that occurred years and years ago, they always say that it dates back to the time when Hickory Jim was a two-year-old; and, of course, nobody remembers that.

After that my master shipped him down home with a carload of horses. He said that my master was then only about seventeen years old, and that there was a terrible hubbub when he got home again, because he had run away. Grassy said he was always running away when he was a boy. He said that was the delightful part of life, when one can make himself believe that the next town is always going to be the best.

My master never told any one that he had brought home a race horse—that is, no one except one woman. He used to tell her everything. She would come out to the barn and they would have long talks. She was his mother and sympathized with all his adventures very much. Grassy said she drove him in her phaeton for several months, and that she was a

very fine lady. Grassy voiced the opinion that real ladies were very scarce.

Jane sniffed at this. She said there were as many real ladies in the world as real gentleman, and Grassy-hopper agreed with her. He never gave the lady member of our outfit an argument. Some wise old fish, Grassy—eh?

It appears that all my master brought home was the horse. He did not have any money. His idea was to make a race with a very fast mare who was owned in that section, but he did not have the capital to make the match. He used to sit by the hour and talk to the lady about getting him the money. She would have given it to him in a minute, but she knew that as soon as he won another bank roll he would run away from home again. He never lied to her, but he would laugh when she used to tell him that the blood of old Ishmael would never die out.

The boy's father was a staid business man, who, like Gradgrind, wanted to reduce everything to facts and figures; and you can't do that with a boy, because he does not think as you do. That is the mistake that most older people make. They forget that they were boys and girls themselves. But if they were only to stop and think just long enough to get a photographic impression of what they themselves

were in the days of their youth they might look at things in a different light.

Very few people understand boys and girls. Older people do foolish things too. But because they are not the same kind of foolish things that younger people do, they think that the juveniles have no sense at all and that they themselves are very wise. The funny thing about life is that the older one gets, the more averse he is to having any of his mistakes pointed out to him.

Now, with dumb animals it is an invariable rule that, before we give you the best that is in us, you must first have captured our confidence. Without that, we cannot learn. Grassy said that half the mistakes boys and girls make are due to the fact that they were afraid to confide in the people at home; and when they had any troubles they carried them elsewhere. Old Grassy knew things, didn't he?

To make a long story short, this lady finally gave my master money enough to make the match. She was a real sport. He said she was up against it among a lot of hide-bound people who conducted small lives by smaller rules.

Grassy said she had "class." I did not know what this meant, but he explained it to me in the way I will try to set down.

It is often said that one horse outclasses another, but few people understand the real meaning of that term. In the same way they say that a man has class, without stopping to think of the supreme tribute they are paying.

Permit me to explain: Let us say a horse runs three-quarters of a mile to-day and wins a race in one minute, eleven and a half seconds. He carries one hundred and fifteen pounds. A few days afterward, while he is still in the pink of form, and over the same distance, all other conditions being favorable, he is beaten in hollow style in one minute and twelve seconds.

Now this would seem a reversal of form; but it might be otherwise. The real answer probably is that he met a horse of class—one that just hooked up with him, looked him in the eye, and carried him clean off his feet; a horse with the heart of a lion. The strange part of it is that horses unconsciously feel this just in the same manner that human beings do.

You can take menfolk, start them on equal terms as to education and all other material advantages, and still you will find one man, by his personality alone, dominating those with whom he is brought in-

to contact. They follow; he leads. They oppose him and he crushes.

Nine times out of ten he does this unconsciously. He could not explain the secret of his power; and it is useless to endeavor to analyze his character, because when you are all through you have not fathomed the mysterious something wherein lies the big force. It is the supreme gift of the gods; and that is what is called class.

Another funny thing is that a horse always knows when his rider is afraid. I cannot explain this, either—except that we know it. The minute a timorous man's or woman's fingers touch the reins, the horse he is riding, if he possesses any spirit at all, commences to cut up. As I said, I don't know why this is—except that we know things just in the same way that human beings sense the psychological moment. Their cue is never given them. It's in the atmosphere. The man of vision knows how to capitalize it.

The sensation of fear can always be overcome. Grasshopper put me right on that point. When I asked him why it was that he never got excited or in any sense manifested that he was afraid, he told me that he had all that figured out long ago; because whenever he got in a tight corner he knew it wouldn't

do him any good to give way to fear. Sensible horses always make the best of it.

He said it was all a question of a state of mind; just as the old Indians went to war, unterrified and unafraid, because some medicine man had told them that when a warrior was killed in battle his soul lived ever after in the happy hunting grounds.

As well as I can remember, the Grasshopper said:

“Now listen, kid: Don’t you ever quit, as long as you can put one foot in front of the other; because most races are won in the last twenty yards. You may feel all in and ready to lean up against the fence; but don’t forget that the other horse feels just as badly as you do. Outgame him if you can; and, above all, keep trying down to the very last jump. It’s the only thing that makes a real race horse—and, for that matter, all that spells success when doing anything.”

Well, having moralized sufficiently, I think I had better return to the main part of the story. As I said before, neither my master nor Barney told anyone about the accident that had happened to the Grasshopper in his race with the Missouri Ghost. Every one, I imagine, was of the opinion that the contest had been on its merits and that he was beaten because he had met a better horse.

Barney stuck round the stable all morning; but I did not see my master. He came back about noon. He had a telegram in his hand, which he showed Barney. And then I learned he had wired to someone to send him money and had received a reply stating that his friend was away from home. He appeared to be very crest-fallen; but the receipt of the gloomy tidings did not appear to have the slightest effect on Barney, who kept saying that something would turn up. I think Barney was the original believer. He was the spirit of Faith, personified.

Late that afternoon a tall, fine-looking man came to the stable. He was not at all like many of the rough people I have seen around the race track; in fact, he was the leading physician of that town and a great lover of horses. My master was very polite to him; he always was, in fact, to most people, but never exchanged confidences with any outsiders. Still, he talked freely to this man, and took out the horses one by one to let him look them over.

I think my master was very much flattered when the big man praised my conformation. He admitted that I was small for my age, but insisted that what I lacked in size I gained in quality. He said I was every inch a race horse. And when my master told him the truth about what he had originally paid for

me he offered him ten times as much. My master thanked him but refused to take a profit, as he said he never sold his horses unless forced to do so. Still, I could see he was very much elated and felt highly complimented.

As before stated, there was something about the stranger that inspired confidence. He sat down on a bale of hay outside my stall and talked about a great many things. He was evidently a highly educated man and had traveled in many countries; just the kind of person that my master loved to talk to.

It is not to be wondered at, therefore, that pretty soon he had the whole story of our mishap—knew that we were all broke and were wondering what we would do next.

He laughed a good deal at Barney's story of our wanderings; and when he had learned all the facts and how Grasshopper had twisted his shoe in the race of the day before, he asked my master if he would leave further activities in his hands. He promised that he would get another race for us; but, for business reasons, he did not want to appear in the matter at all.

He seemed to be of the opinion that there would be no trouble in arranging another match, because the owners of the Missouri Ghost were positive that

they had the better horse; and that he had already heard that they were planning to take some more money away from us through the medium of another race. He said that if we waited long enough they would bet us three or four to one that they could beat us.

He also discovered that they thought my master was just some young fellow with a lot of money going through the country trying to lose it with a slow race-horse. They never suspected that we had bet all we had on the last race.

Then he opened up a big pocketbook and counted out a thousand dollars. He told my master to go down to the hotel about eight o'clock that evening and that he would probably see a man in the barroom who might be apparently under the influence of liquor. He said that this man would probably be talking very loudly and boasting about what a great race horse the Missouri Ghost was.

This man might offer to bet three or four hundred dollars at odds of two to one that the Ghost could beat any horse in my master's stable from one jump to the Rocky mountains. He said this was the one man he trusted in that town, and if my master took up his defi it would start another race; because the minute the owners of the Ghost heard of this they

would come piling in for some of the pie themselves.

I guess the doctor was a pretty wise man, because, in the first place, you notice he handed over his money to my master, which proved beyond a doubt that he was on the level; and, besides that, he was the only man who saw the race of the day before and sensed that something had gone wrong with the Grasshopper.

As it turned out, everything happened just as the doctor said it would. My master came home to the stable long after midnight. Barney was waiting up for him. He was very much elated, because he had bet all the money the doctor had given him at the average odds of three to one. He said that if he had sense enough to wait a little longer and let them banter him some more he would possibly have got four or five to one. But, besides betting money, he had also bet the horses against one thousand dollars and the Missouri Ghost.

He laughed a good deal when he told Barney that they had chosen the doctor for stakeholder. He said that, of course, would not make any difference if he lost the race, because the doctor would pay over the money to whoever actually won it, regardless of consequences. He was absolutely square. It was just funny to think of them picking him for stakeholder;

and incidentally, of course, it made him feel perfectly safe regarding the ultimate disposition of the money.

I confess I did not like the idea of forming part of the stakes for this race. I began to think that if anything should go wrong again, and we were beaten, I would change owners and lose the companionship of my dear friends. I lay awake most of the night and thought a good deal about this. It was the first thing I had on my mind in the morning, and I explained my fears to the Grasshopper.

He called me a chicken-hearted idiot and lectured me all over again on the crime of being afraid of anything. I really felt very much ashamed of myself when he had finished his dissertation. My gracious, that horse had the nerve of a lightning-rod peddler!

That afternoon, about three o'clock, we were all led down to the grand stand. I understood that bills of sale for all the horses, including the Missouri Ghost, had been drawn up, signed before a notary public and handed to the stakeholder.

Nearly every one in town came out to see the race; but they all seemed to want to bet on the Missouri horse. They offered odds as high as five to one. My master must have secured some more money

somewhere. I suppose he got it from the doctor, because when the odds went that high, just before the horses went to the post, he bet five hundred dollars against twenty-five hundred.

Since that time I have taken part in a great many races myself. Still, I shall never forget my excitement on that occasion. Sometimes I thought my heart would stop beating altogether. It seemed to get just too big for my body.

But I could not help admiring the Grasshopper as he went to the post. I must tell you he could canter just so slowly that he appeared to be just bobbing up and down in one place. He passed us on the way to the starting point, just arching his neck and pricking up his little ears, while occasionally reaching for the bit.

My master had a smile on his face. Any one would have imagined they were both going out for a jaunt through the country lanes instead of about to do battle for everything the present and future held for them. That made me feel better.

Jane did not seem to care either. She bumped sharply against me and made as if she would kick me. She evidently knew what I was thinking about, because she snapped at me and called me a little fool. But just to show that I was preserving my mental

equilibrium I told her that she was a hysterical hussy.

We had quite a passage of words, and she wound up by saying that I would have all my pertness taken out of me some day. Then I rubbed my muzzle against hers and told her to forget all about it which, after the manner of women, she did. I am not a woman hater, by any means.

Most of the Missouri crowd—that is, those who were interested in the Ghost—appeared to be pretty well under the influence of liquor. They stood around and bragged and boasted; one of them came up and tried to look into my mouth, because, he said, he would be my owner in a few minutes.

If you remember, I told you I knew how to use my front feet; and I let him have it. He went toppling over on the ground, but got up swearing a regular string of oaths and made as though he would kick me in the flank. Barney jumped forward and said:

“If you lay a finger on that colt I’ll kill you!”

It wasn’t the same Barney who was singing all the time. It was a different person altogether who uttered this threat. There was no doubt that he meant it. The tall Missourian backed away mumbling:

“You wouldn’t kill nobody!”

But Barney did not deign to answer. Still, I noticed they all left me alone after that.

Up at the starting point the horses were curvetting round, each anxious to obtain an advantage. They must have stayed there fully an hour or more; even from where I stood I could see that their coats were dripping with perspiration.

My master appeared to be willing enough to break away; but the rider of the Missouri horse was taking no chances, I heard afterward that my master had kidded him a good deal at the post. He kept telling him to be very careful of that horse, because he was going to take him home and do his fall plowing with him.

Finally, after this long wait, they broke away together. I expected that Grasshopper would take the lead from the start; but he did not. The other horse led him fully three-quarters of a length to the upper turn. The Missouri crowd were, of course, yelling themselves hoarse; and they could yell too! If you ever heard the Missouri shrill war song you would know that. But all at once—and I cannot exactly describe how it was done, because it happened so quickly—the Missouri yell of triumph died away as if it had been cut off with a knife.

I really thought something had happened to their

champion, because, going round the upper turn, the Grasshopper pulled to the outside and passed him as if he had been tied to the fence. Then, while you could clap your hands, he was out in front by a clear length; and my, how he did run! Grassy's tail was spread out like a huge fan and my master was crouching low over his neck.

The boy on the other horse was whipping desperately, but without avail. The Ghost had met his match! Halfway down the home stretch Grassy was leading by three lengths—just galloping. I knew it was all over but the shouting, as they say; and Barney was doing that.

I looked over to where he was throwing his hat high in the air; and while it would be away up in elements he would yell at the top of his voice:

“Come down here, you sportin’ man’s hat! Come down here!”

That’s the last thing I heard as the Grasshopper flashed under the wire, an easy winner. When he came back to the judge’s stand and my master saluted the judge—for permission to dismount—Barney rushed over and put both arms round Grassy’s neck and kissed him.

After that the stakes were paid over and we all went back to the stable, taking the Missouri Ghost

with us. It was the first triumphal procession I ever took part in. My master appeared to be very much exhausted. If you don't think that sitting on a quarter horse at the post, keyed up to the highest tension, for more than an hour in a broiling hot Missouri sun is not a nerve-racking proceeding, you miss your guess. He lay on one of the little camp-couches we used in the stables all the afternoon and watched Barney cool out the horses.

The Missouri people came along and wanted to buy their horses back; but my master would not talk to them at all. They were a pretty rough crowd and had used some pretty rough language in the making of the race. He did not want the horse, but he wanted to teach them a lesson.

They went away swearing vengeance. One of them said they would get back the horse anyway.

After dark the doctor arrived. Then he and my master divided their winnings. The doctor gave Barney five hundred as his share. But he told us that the Missouri crowd were all drunk downtown and getting pretty rough. He advised us to leave right away, because he said they were sure to come back sometime in the night to give us trouble. He said that, as they were down in their own country and

surrounded by friends, they had a good deal the advantage of us.

It did not take us very long to get ready for our departure. We just saddled up and took only the horse clothing and what we could pack in our saddlebags. Barney rode the Missouri Ghost and led me. My master rode the mare and led Grasshopper.

We did not go out by the usual gate. Barney pried some boards loose from the back fence and we went through there. As I understood later, we were not very far from the Kansas line; and we headed due west, going at a brisk trot.

I imagine we had proceeded about five miles on our journey, and had stopped to get some water at a little creek that crossed the road, when Barney told my master that he thought he heard the sound of galloping horses. They both listened for a few minutes. It was quite clear that two or three horses were following us at a gallop.

There was a little clump of bushes to the right of the road, and my master decided that we should take cover there and await further developments. Barney dismounted and threw sheets over the horses' heads, so that they would not whinny and attract attention.

We did not have long to wait, for in a few minutes

three men rode up to the creek. One of them was armed with a long shot-gun. They pulled up to breathe their horses and let them have a swallow of water. We could hear them talking. In the moonlight my master and Barney recognized them as the former owners of the Missouri Ghost.

They were all very drunk; and it appeared from their conversation that they had followed our tracks through the sand road back of the fairground, from which they learned the direction we had taken. They never suspected that we were in hiding so close to them, but figured that we were still a long way ahead. After resting their horses a moment or two they set out again on a gallop.

Of course, neither my master nor Barney knew anything about the geography of the country through which we were going, and therefore they could not figure on how soon our pursuers would get tired of a stern chase and retrace their steps. So we came out of the woods, went a few hundred yards down the main road, and turned off into a little by-path that apparently was not used much for general traffic.

Pretty soon we came to another clump of woods, through which the path took us. It wound round so much, however, that finally neither my master nor Barney could tell in which direction we were going.

That really did not matter so much, so long as we kept clear of the enemy.

We traveled in this way for a few miles and again came out into a clearing. This time we found ourselves right on the edge of a well-traveled road. Whether it was the original one on which we had started out or not my master and Barney could not determine, but they decided to take a chance and keep on toward the west.

We proceeded upon our way for another mile down the road without interference of any kind. Then we arrived at a crossroad. Here we pulled up and debated as to which way would be the best to take. All the clouds had disappeared from the sky, the stars were out and the half-moon shone brightly overhead. It was easy to see plainly for a quarter of a mile down the roads in either direction, and not a sound broke the stillness.

However, just as we prepared to move on again a twig broke with a sharp crack in a clump of bushes on our left. A horse neighed and simultaneously a shot rang out. At the report the Grasshopper reared high in the air. He came down, apparently unhurt, as my master urged the mare forward.

For the first and almost the only time in my life I felt the sting of a whip. Barney had leaned over

and struck me to get me into motion. We went off like the wind.

Twenty-five yards farther on another shot came from a fence corner on our right. It was a close call for me, because I heard the whine of a bullet as it whizzed past my head. Several other shots were fired from behind us, but they evidently went wide of the mark.

We raced down the road until we struck another bypath. Here we pulled in and stopped to listen. We could again hear the sound of galloping hoofs on the hard road, but it was only one horse this time. My master and Barney held a hurried consultation.

Then Barney passed the line by which he had been leading me over to my master, who took Grasshopper, the mare and myself a little farther up the path, where we could not be seen from the road. Barney rode back to the corner and waited.

We could hear the sounds of the galloping horse coming closer. He came on until he was almost opposite where we stood. Then Barney rode out to meet him. I could not see what happened right then; but afterward I learned that Barney had raced right beside the man who was pursuing us and knocked him off his horse with the butt end of his whip. He rode back in a few minutes.

Then we started out again. Fifty yards down the road we passed the sprawled-out figure of a man lying in the dirt; and farther along a riderless horse was grazing in a fence corner. Neither my master nor Barney made any comment on this. They seemed to be more exercised about a bullet wound which the Grasshopper had received at the first fire.

Fortunately it was in the gristly part of his crest, however, and the ball had glanced off instead of passing through. Still, his pretty gray neck was all bespattered with blood; and it made me sick to look at it. Grassy carried that scar to the day of his death.

We went on through the night without further incident. Along toward morning we met a farmer going to market. He told us that we had crossed the state line and were now in Kansas.

He appeared to be a nice-spoken man and said his farm was three miles back, on the main road.

My master made a deal with him to let us stay there for some weeks, as he said he had good stabling. He noticed that Grassy was bleeding and my master told him the story of our adventurous night. So he turned his team round and personally conducted us to his house. Here he introduced my master and

Barney to his wife, who was a pleasant-faced kindly woman.

We were all made very comfortable; and I was not sorry, you may be sure, because I was footsore and leg-weary, as were my companions.

We stayed in this place, amid the pleasantest surroundings, for more than a month; and it was here that my education as a race horse really began.

III

AFTER our last adventure we rested up quietly in our stalls for a few days. Then we were all turned out into nice large paddocks—that is to say, all except the Grasshopper. The wound in his neck did not heal so readily as was expected and the hot weather and flies did not help any; so my master had trouble in doctoring him.

The Missouri Ghost was turned out by himself in the lower lot, where there were numbers of cockle-burs, and after a few days he presented a rather ludicrous spectacle, as his mane and tail were just tangled masses. And, as he had rolled a good deal in the dust and had waded in the creek until the mud was caked halfway to his knees, he looked like anything but a horse one would pick to win a race.

One morning I heard Barney telling my master that the old horse “looked the part now”; and the latter agreed with him. Perhaps I should explain that they had heard of a quarter horse which was owned in a town some fifteen miles from there, and they had decided it would be a good idea to go over and try to make a match. My master and Barney

also figured that it might be a good chance to get rid of the Ghost, as he was what they called excess baggage, which, as everybody knows, is the worst handicap a man or woman can carry round in this vale of tears. They had tried him out with the mare and she could beat him easily.

Barney now commenced making preparation for what he called a raid. He was going to make the trip all alone, because my master thought it best to stay back with me. This was my first lesson in the art of camouflage.

My master appeared to get a good deal of fun out of Barney's activities, which were, to say the least, exhaustive. In the first place, he bought an old broken-down buckboard for ten dollars from the farmer with whom we were staying. It was a terribly ramshackle affair, with wheels all dished out and wobbly. To this outfit he added a set of harness that had evidently been lying round unused for ages. Where it was broken he mended it with bits of wire and rope; and when the Missouri Ghost was hitched to this nondescript carriage he looked less like a race horse than anything on four legs I ever saw.

When Barney had his arrangements all perfected he was some sight to behold. He was attired in an

old suit of blue overalls, the ends of his trousers being stuck into a pair of broken rawhide boots; and this, added to the fact that he had not shaved for a couple of days, made him look a typical son of the soil. He was not at all like the farmer boy of the present, because in those times the Government never guaranteed the wheat crop; but I speak of the days when the bone and sinew of the country still purchased gilded bricks and put lightning rods on the pigpen.

Barney did not overlook anything. He even took an old pair of farm shoes that were lying round and tacked them to the Ghost's hoofs. They were an inch thick and were equipped with the regulation toe and heel calks. As a finishing touch he loaded some vegetables into the back of the old buck-board. His racing saddle and other equipments were stowed away in the bottom of a sack of cabbages.

Barney took with him five hundred dollars in money. It was to be used in making a match if he could. He promised faithfully that he would not gamble on anything but a horse race. As an evidence of good faith he handed the lucky dice he always carried with him to my master before he left. They were Barney's most precious possessions—something I could not understand, because, though at times he

won large amounts with them, in the final accounting he always lost. Still, he swore that they were lucky. All of which goes to show that the contradictions of human nature have not yet been fathomed by the wisest thinkers.

It is fair to state, however, that whenever Barney passed his word to my master he would have died rather than have broken it. According to his lights Barney was wise in many things; but wisdom and prudence hardly ever travel hand in hand.

Thus equipped, Barney sallied forth to spoil the Egyptians. Disciples of Ibsen would have said there was a strong note of hope in the marauder's exit. You could not have called Barney a plumed knight. But no crusader ever set out with more optimism in his make-up, because Barney subscribed to the idea that action is the only real proof of ability. So he started off with all our best wishes and we did not hear of him again for eight or nine days. Meantime my education commenced.

Breaking a thoroughbred colt and directing him in the way he should go is a man's job. When I say that I mean a man with brains. Many good colts are absolutely ruined for life by the manner in which they are first handled. A young horse is a good deal like a child. If you start him off on the

wrong foot nine times out of ten he finishes badly.

Primarily, I would say that in teaching a colt the rudiments you have got to think about his feelings just as if you were the colt yourself. Can you imagine how you would feel if a bit were forced between your lips for the first time and so arranged with straps and buckles that it bore right up against the roof of your mouth and interfered with the action of your tongue? Then, suppose that bit was left there for an hour or two! If you did not have any one to explain to you in words what it all meant what do you suppose your state of mind would be?

You can also imagine what happens when an old rusty microbe-covered bit is forced between a young horse's teeth, and when a bridle that is too tight is pulled by main strength over his ears. The poor unfortunate colt immediately becomes possessed of a sore mouth, which is not only extremely painful, but renders it difficult for him to masticate his food. It makes him uncomfortable and irritable; he loses confidence and nine times out of ten becomes a confirmed puller. The reason of this is that he fights back until his mouth becomes thoroughly calloused and impervious to the logical demands of his rider.

My education—thank goodness!—was commenced in a different way altogether. I would like to ex-

plain all this in detail, because people who read it will know just how to proceed if they have colts of their own to break, and it may remind them to be kind to animals and considerate of their needs, especially where the early stages of their education are concerned.

First of all, my master put a bridle on me. He was very careful to see that it was loose enough and did not pull or bind in any way; also, that the cheek pieces were long enough, so they would not pull the bit upward in my mouth and cause me to gag. The bit itself was round and soft. It was made of rubber. Some people like a leather bit best; but I am in favor of a rubber bit, because it never cuts or sores a horse's mouth and is always soft. A leather bit hardens after being used two or three times, and gets rough, sometimes cutting a young colt's mouth as badly as a rusty bit would. Another thing is, it is not so easy to keep free from microbes or transmissible infections as a rubber bit.

The ceremony of putting the bridle and bit on me was performed very carefully. Most colts object very much to having their ears handled, and my master rubbed and pulled mine gently several times before he endeavored to put a bridle over my head. Of course, before this I had worn a halter,

but it did not have a forehead band or throatlatch; consequently my ears had always been free.

Of course, at first, I did not know what to make of the bit. It really felt very uncomfortable; but the main thing is, it did not hurt, and my master took both sides of it and drew it gently to and fro in my mouth. Then he turned me out in the paddock and let me play with it for an hour or so. That finished my lesson the first day. When he took the bridle off he examined my mouth very carefully to see that the sides had not been chafed. The bit for a colt should always be wide enough; it is better to have a straight bit than a jointed one, because the jointed bit—or plain snaffle, as it is called—pinches a horse's mouth; and unless he is seasoned it will, of course, make the mouth sore.

Next day my master passed a surcingle round my torso; there were two side straps attached to it with heavy rubber bands at each end. These straps were buckled to the rings of the bit and were just like ordinary reins, only they were attached by buckles to the sides of the surcingle.

This pulled in my head a little; but as the rubber bands were attached to the side reins I did not feel cramped, because whenever I wanted to poke my nose out I could do so by reason of the fact that the

rubber bands gave. My master led me round for a while and then turned me loose in the paddock again. I confess I did not relish this experience very much, but I felt that I had to learn my lesson; and, though I was somewhat inconvenienced and could not move in the usual free way I handled myself when turned out, still I was not hurt or sore'd up in any way. After wearing the breaking harness for an hour or so I was relieved of it.

On the following day the surcingle and crupper were again put on, along with the side lines. This time my master took a coil of light rope, something like a clothesline, and attached one end of it in the rings of the bit; then he led me out to the paddock and stood in the center of a small ring while he urged me to trot in circles.

At first, of course, I did not know what to do, and either stood perfectly still or backed up; but he tapped me slightly with a long whip and I soon found out that he wanted me to go forward. When I had trotted in a circle five or six times one way, my master turned me round and headed me back the way I came. This was for two reasons—first, so that I should not get dizzy; and, second, so that I should learn to answer to the reins when pulled from either side.

After I had been exercised in this way for about half an hour my master took the long rope and attached one end of it to each side of the bit, making it like long reins. Then he drove me round the paddock in the same manner as if I had been attached to a wagon. I very soon learned how to respond to the pressure of the bit on either side of my mouth. But all this was done very gently; and whenever I stopped or hesitated he came forward and petted me, thereby showing me there was nothing to fear.

I cannot lay too much stress on this. The human voice and hand will do more to get all there is in or out of a horse than all the harsh treatment the brain of man could devise.

I was driven with the long reins for two or three days. Then one morning early my master came and put the saddle on me. I really felt very proud. He was very careful to see that the girths should not bind or cut me in any way; and to this end he put a large sheet of cotton batting underneath the girth and pulled the edges of it out, so as not to chafe me in any way. He also was very particular to see that the saddle fitted me properly and was well padded. He did not tighten the girth very much at first, but did so gradually. Then he led me round

the stall four or five times, so that I should get used to the action of the saddle.

Speaking about girths, I should like to say one thing, and that is regarding the narrow girths which are used with ninety-nine per cent. of the racing saddles. If he stopped to think a minute the casual observer would imagine that the trainer was about to cut the horse in two, because a racing saddle necessarily must be adjusted in a way so there will be no danger of its slipping or turning; and when you do this with narrow girths you may be very sure it is most irritating to the horse.

A good wide girth would not make more than a quarter of a pound's difference; and if you realize how much easier and more comfortable it is for the horse, and how much better he would run if rigged in a non-irritant manner, you would subscribe to my idea. In all my racing career I never was afflicted with narrow girths; my bridle and bit also fitted me, the forehead band was never drawn tightly up against my ears, and my throatlatch always hung at least an inch below my windpipe.

I have seen many races lost by reason of defective rigging or senseless practices. It is a good thing to plait a race-horse's mane, because it keeps the long hair from getting tangled in his rider's fingers or in-

terfering with his action as he rides. Every horse's tail should be left long and as full as Nature made it. It is the only weapon he has to protect himself from flies; and, moreover in very warm weather it takes the place of a fan. Besides, the tail to a great extent acts as the horse's rudder. Many people will consider this a very foolish idea, but I can assure you it is not.

After that my master took me out and we went down the road. He talked to me a good deal on the way and petted me. I was not a bit afraid. Whenever we came to a nice bank where the grass grew long and sweet he stopped and let me graze. Finally we got to a place where the bank sloped off the road and down into a green field which was not fenced.

My master led me down where I stood below him, he standing on the bank, which was about half as high as I was. He talked to me a good deal then and leaned over the saddle several times, letting his weight rest upon me. He also passed his hands all over me and gave me a lump of sugar. Then very gently he slipped his leg across the saddle and almost before I knew it I was mounted. At first he did not try to get me to move or urge me in any way. He did not put his feet in the stirrups, but

just sat there for perhaps half a minute. Then he climbed off again. He was talking to me all the time.

After I had nibbled some grass he again mounted me. By this time I was not a bit nervous, and after he had sat on my back for a minute or two he clucked to me to go forward. I walked off as if I had been ridden for a year. This appeared to tickle my master very much; and I carried him all the way round the field, turning and twisting as I felt the pressure of the bit. He did not urge me faster than a walk, and when I had completed the circle a couple of times he dismounted, loosened the girths and led me back home.

He was very much elated and told the farmer's wife how well I had behaved. He said I was a perfect gentleman. This was praise indeed, because I often have heard my master say that if any one was three-quarters gentleman it is about as much as you could expect; in fact, whenever I hear him say that some man is three-quarters gentleman I know he has paid the greatest compliment possible, according to his lights.

Of course, mind you, I am not arguing that my master is right about this and I don't want you to form the idea that he is a saint-like person or study-

ing for the ministry. He is just an ordinary mortal with all the foibles and failings so common to humanity. He simply speaks from his own book of experience, which, to say the least, has not been limited to any particular locality.

My master rode me every day now. I soon learned to trot and canter. I liked to canter best. It was my natural gait. Frequently when I did so I would bound in the air and endeavor to break away and run. But my master always restrained me, and did so very gently. He never pulled on my mouth suddenly, but just dropped his hands on my withers and talked to me until I settled down once more.

One morning I felt so good I tried to buck. He seemed to think this was a great joke and let me have my head until I reached the end of the paddock. I did not do this viciously, but out of sheer playfulness. My master knew that. Incidentally, I discovered that I could not unseat him, which in itself taught me a lesson. A boy who never does anything wrong rarely ever discovers how to do anything right, which may or may not be good philosophy. I know it worked in my case, because it got at least one foolish notion out of my head.

I forgot to tell you that in my new surroundings

I commenced to grow in stature and thicken out. This was especially noticeable after I commenced to be exercised regularly, which is nearly always the case with yearlings. It is just the same with a boy who goes to school and commences to take a part in athletic sports. He often goes away a slim bean pole and comes back a husky young giant. Exercise is the greatest medicine in the world. Let me tell you there are two good things: moderation in eating—and when I say this, I don't mean a program of starvation by any means, just common-sense moderation—with suitable exercise. Then you have put a copper on the drug store and likewise, on the college of physicians.

Some people, of course, carry exercise to extremes; in which case it is just as bad as none at all; because no man ever worked a race horse until he was exhausted and then expected him to win a race. It is the same way with human beings. What is play for one man in the way of exercise is hard work for another. So I should say, as a general rule, always stop on the sunny side of your limitations. And, whether you have a man or a horse or a dog to train, don't rush them right into hard work. Commence gradually and build up. You cannot subtract from any living thing without putting something back

to replace what you have taken away any more than you can draw incessantly upon your bank account without ever making a deposit.

On the tenth morning after Barney's departure my master and I were out for an airing down the road, and I had stopped to nibble a little grass in a shady corner, when we heard the sound of hoofs approaching. As it came closer a familiar voice was singing a merry roundelay. It was Barney's favorite *Got to Get a Livin'*. We knew before we saw him that a conquering hero was about to arrive.

Finally, he turned a corner and down he came in all his glory. He was seated in a jaunty runabout and was driving a very pretty little black pacing mare. When he saw us he put on speed and passed us at a two-thirty clip. He went two or three hundred yards down the road before he slowed up; then he turned round and jogged slowly back.

Talk about a transformation, or even describe it! Why, there never was anything like it since language was invented! The mare he drove had on a new set of harness, the buggy was almost fresh from its maker, and Barney himself actually wore a stand-up collar. Moreover, he was decked out in a brand-new suit of clothes. The only thing he re-

tained of his former attire was his old slouch hat. Barney did not know much about preserving the unities.

He pulled up with a flourish and gave my master his usual greeting. My master was too overcome for mere expression and just sat down on the bank and laughed. Barney was the first to take up his parable.

"Well, boss," he droned, "we brought the old ship into port, all right—safe an' sound."

"Did you have a rough voyage, Barney?" inquired my master between laughs.

"Terrible! Just terrible!" vouchsafed Barney. "For nine days an' nights we drifted at the mercy of the winds an' waves. We lost our rudder an' the crew was helpless. The captain jumped overboard and the masts was carried away. Finally th' old ship went to pieces. Everybody was drowned but me."

"You must have had plenty of time to collect your valuables before you swam ashore?" interrogated my master in the same vein.

"Yep," admitted Barney. "I did happen to save a few things out of the wreck." He dug down into his inside pocket and drew forth a hefty bundle of yellow-backed bills, which he tossed over to my

master. "There's the old life preserver!" he chortled. "I never let go of it till I was high an' dry."

Both boys laughed a great deal, and then Barney told the straight story of his adventure.

It appears that on the day of his arrival at the town which had been his objective point there had been some kind of local celebration going on. Among other amusements there was horse racing; and, of course, the local speed marvel had been entered. It was a ten-dollar sweepstake. Barney had feigned drunkenness and persisted in entering Missouri Ghost. Everybody laughed at the country boy, who rode the bareback, and with the old driving blinkers on the Ghost for a bridle.

He had been beaten by fully a hundred yards, but kept on persisting that he had the fastest horse living, and made another match for twenty dollars a side. He told the people he wanted a week to get his horse ready, and they told him they would give him ten years if he chose. So Barney had put up at the local hotel and stayed around there for a week, always pretending to be half-drunk. He said he carried a big whiskey bottle full of cider, and whenever any one was looking at him he took a big drink of it.

Barney was very proud of the manner in which

he had played the game. He dwelt on every detail at considerable length. He could easily have sent for my master to help him out, but he preferred to work in his own way and had written down to Kansas City for his brother to come up.

The latter pretended to be drinking too, and Barney had slipped him the bank roll my master had given him to bet on the race. Barney and his brother got to playing dice together in the barroom of the hotel, and Barney won all the money. Of course, in a small town such as that was news travels quickly, especially when a well-dressed stranger had lost the best part of five hundred dollars to a drunken farmer boy; and the people who owned the local speed merchant crowded round to see whether he would be foolish enough to bet his money with them on the race.

Barney described at great length how he had bragged about his old horse, but refused to bet. They kept on offering him all kinds of odds and finally he allowed himself to be hectorred into putting up all he had. One reason why he hesitated was that he wanted to get an "honest" stakeholder, because in those days the latter was a very important point, especially where a stranger in a strange town had anything at stake.

Finally he decided upon the town marshal. This man was a grafter pure and simple and played no favorites. Barney took him into confidence and on top of that promised him five hundred dollars out of the winnings. It was a double assurance that he would get what he won.

The match had been made for a distance of four hundred yards. It was down the main street of the town. Barney said he pulled the shoes off the Ghost and let him run barefoot. He had not used a saddle; and, in fact, did nothing to excite the other people's suspicions, being so advised by the stakeholder, who had a friend betting on the side for him.

The race itself was hardly more than an exercising gallop for the Ghost. When it was over Barney's description of the howls and shrieks of despair from the local populace was inimitable. He wound up with a triumph of all triumphs. He had sold the Missouri Ghost to the town marshal for six hundred dollars and the black pacing mare and buggy.

Barney's head was full of new schemes. He suggested that my master should take Jane and go and beat the Ghost. But he added that it was useless

to try to pull such a trick off in the marshal's home town and get away with it.

I forgot to tell you that Barney was very much gratified over the manner in which my education had progressed. He said he could see me growing; and both agreed that when I got my full growth I should be at least fourteen hands and an inch high, if not more. This, of course, is small for the ordinary race horse; but it is big enough, as some of the turf records will show.

That night Barney and my master talked for a long time about the ways and means by which they could get a match with the new owner of Missouri Ghost. And next morning my master took Jane and rode away. I understood from his talk that he was heading for a small town about thirty miles due east. This place would possibly be thirty miles from the town where Barney had sold the Ghost.

Barney rode me the next morning himself and for three or four days thereafter. Then one morning he hitched up the black mare and drove off. The farmer and his wife took care of us while my master and Barney were away. I did not see either of them for several days.

I asked Grassy where he supposed they had gone;

and he said he didn't know, but that probably they were looking for another adventure.

At that stage of my life I could not exactly understand why the boys should always be wanting to find some new adventure and I told Grassy so. He shook his head wisely and said that youth was the moon of marvelous adventure and that was the finest thing there was about being young. He said all enterprise and final achievement were built upon a realization of boyish dreams. It seems to me he spoke the truth.

Later on that morning I had quite a little adventure on my own account. The farmer's wife came and turned Grassy and myself out on the big lot. We both played round a little and before I knew it we were racing together. We did not stop until we got to the far fence, and when we reached that point I must have been about a half neck in front of the gray horse. Words could not express the pride I felt, and, as is the manner of youth, I bantered Grassy a little about my victory. Incidentally, I asked him whether he had run as hard as he could.

He admitted that he had done everything he knew how in the way of running, which naturally tickled my pride some more; and I began to tell him how fast I really was and what a great race horse

my father had been. I guess I must have bragged and boasted a good deal, and Grassy never spoke until I stopped for sheer want of breath. He did not say anything then until I asked what he was thinking about so much; and he replied by giving me another chapter out of his book of experience.

Grassy's idea was that it is not wise to get elated too much over a single success. He voiced the opinion that a good many people made that mistake and it worked several ways toward their undoing. He said that every living thing had the elements of at least one success locked up in its personality. It was just like a man who has one good story to tell, but can never tell another. It was like the actor who makes an overnight success playing some particular part that happens to be peculiarly suited to his personality. He may never score when cast for anything else; the result being that he lives a very miserable and disappointed life thereafter.

He argued that this is particularly noticeable in race horses. In his wide experience he had known many horses who won one big race but never could win another, even in the cheapest company.

We did not hear anything about my master or Barney for three or four days; in fact, I began to think that perhaps they never would come back or

that some accident had befallen them, when one night after dark there was a terrible hubbub outside the barn.

The half door of my stall was open and I poked my head out to see what was the matter. It was my master and Barney, who had just galloped up. Both were on horseback and appeared to be very excited. Barney was riding the black mare he had driven away. He did not have any saddle, so I judged that wherever he had come from he had left that place in hurry. The farmer and his wife came out with lanterns and, from all the talk I heard, I judged we were about to move.

I asked Grasshopper what he thought of all the hubbub and he laughed, as he usually did on such occasions. He said:

“You’d better get your golden slippers on, kid, because I guess we are booked for the overland limited.”

Well, off we started. Barney rode Grasshopper and led me, while my master rode the black driving mare and led Jane. We headed west in the moonlight. Of course, at first I did not know what the real cause of our hurried exit was; but I found out all about it as we jogged along. Once we got started, my master and Barney seemed to forget the

serious side of it and laughed a good deal over their recent experiences.

I gathered from their talk that when my master had gone away with Jane he had located in a small town about thirty miles away, and when Barney left us he had gone over to the town where he had sold Missouri Ghost to the marshal.

Perhaps I forgot to tell you that the latter had the reputation of being a tough man and a killer. We met a good many of that class of gentry in our travels. Ninety-nine per cent. of them were cowards at heart. They killed people only when they had all the advantage in their favor and were in the locality where they lived or had friends enough to see that the jury acquitted them. Most of their stock in trade was the bogus reputation they acquired in this way and all of them working it overtime.

This man, it appears, had five notches on his gun, and every one was afraid of him, which was the reason my master and Barney had sensed that it would be better to take him away from home before making a match with him.

Well, as I was saying, Barney had gone over and told the marshal that he had heard he could get a match for the Ghost in the town where my master had gone with the mare. Of course, Barney did not

pretend that he knew my master; but he was so sure the Ghost could beat anything round there that he had given the marshal two hundred dollars of his own money to bet in the event of the match being made.

This evidence of good faith, of course, looked good to the new owner of the Ghost; so he set out immediately for the town where my master was staying. Barney accompanied him. He suggested that Barney should ride the Ghost if he was successful in getting a match. But Barney was too wise for that; besides, he heard that this man had shot a foot runner when he had lost a match on which he had bet some money. So they took a local quarter-horse rider with them.

They lay round several days, backing and filling, trying to arrange a race; but my master and Barney both judged it would not do to work too quickly, as that might excite suspicion. Of course, they pretended to be utter strangers to each other and met and talked over their plans only under cover of darkness.

Finally the match was made for three hundred yards, the conditions being that they should run for five dollars a yard. Outside of this, they succeeded

in getting some five hundred dollars bet in small amounts.

The race took place as scheduled and naturally the mare won easily. They expected the Ghost's owner would make a great fuss and outcry, but he did not do so. He asked Barney to go back home with him, but the latter made some excuse; so the marshal took his horse and rider and started for his home town.

My master and Barney congratulated themselves on such a peaceful outcome of the match and did not give the man who lost another thought. He did not evidence by either word or deed that he suspected he had been the victim of a frame-up. After he had left, Barney and my master met and went up to my master's room in the hotel, where they started to count the money they had won on the match. According to Barney's description, there were bills of all denominations lying all over the coverlet, and the boys were intent on sorting them out when suddenly the door was pushed wide open and in walked the owner of the Ghost!

Barney was seated on the bed, facing the door. He said he knew it was no time to throw kisses, as the marshal was undoubtedly loaded for bear; so he made one quick dive and landed between the big man's legs, which he grabbed after the manner of a

football player. This catapulted the intruder over his head, landing him stunned against the opposite wall.

It is needless to say that the boys stood not on the order of their going. They just grabbed the money off the bed, crammed it into their pockets, locked the door on the outside and beat it. Then they hustled over to the barn where their horses were, jumped on them and galloped back across country to the farm. Barney said his dive for the marshal's legs was the fastest move he ever hoped to make this side of the River Jordan.

They did not think it wise, however, to stay in that locality, because the marshal had many friends scattered round and he would eventually have run them down, trumped up some charge against them and probably have had them thrown into jail for the rest of their natural lives.

Justice in those days was not only blind-folded, but the lady's ears were stuffed with cotton. Moreover, at times she was handcuffed to see that she did not indulge in any of those altruistic or equitable tendencies she is popularly supposed to possess.

The only thing, however, which appeared to bother Barney was the fact that he had been forced to leave the new harness and buggy behind him. He

mourned this loss a good deal and declared that he would get another at the first opportunity. My master kept insisting they were very lucky to get away in as good shape as they did, but Barney could not see it that way at all. He held that no army should ever retreat leaving any of its baggage in the hands of the enemy.

We traveled all through the night and did not stop until early morning, when we made an impromptu camp down by a little creek. My master and Barney took sponges and gave each of us a sponge bath. It was very refreshing, as we were all tired and the night had been sultry. They had brought enough oats for one feed; so we did not go without our morning meal.

After that they put light sheets on us and stood us in the water of the little creek, so it would draw any soreness out of our feet. The banks were rich with long sweet grass and we grazed while we were having our footbath.

Jane and the black mare, of course, were pretty tired, because in less than twenty-four hours they had both traveled more than forty miles; so they decided to rest up for a while.

There was a small vacant lot down near the road and Barney got leave from the farmer who owned

it to turn us out there for a few hours. We remained there until it was again dusk and then set out again, traveling until midnight.

We were still heading west and did not stop until we reached a small village. Here we secured accommodations at a country hotel. They had good stalls in the barn and we were well bedded down. There were no accommodations for the boys in the hotel, however, as they had only two guest bedrooms, which were already occupied; so the boys made a bed in the haymow and slept until away into the afternoon of the next day.

They told the hotel keeper that they were horse traders on their way to Kansas City. This did not excite any comment, as there were a good many traders going up and down the country in those days.

We left there at midnight, and before we came to another halt had put up fifteen miles more between us and the owner of the Ghost. It seemed, from the conversation between my master and Barney, that they judged they had reached the safety zone; so here we settled down to recuperate from our strenuous travels and enjoy a much-needed rest.

IV

WE settled down in our new home for a long stay because from the talk I heard between my master and Barney I gathered that I was about to receive my first lessons in real racing. There was a little track adjacent to the barn we were stabled in and here I went through the kindergarten stage, which is the lot of every young race horse.

The boys often spoke about the home we had left and how good the farmer's wife had been to us. One day they were talking about her, and Barney expressed the opinion that she must have been very beautiful when she was younger and before she commenced to get stout. My master agreed with him. He said: "Yes, Barney, her heart is so big that it kind of spoils her figure."

I thought when he said that he said it all, don't you? Some people think boys forget little kindnesses extended to them, putting it down to their thoughtlessness of youth, but they are far more appreciative than they are given credit for, only they don't say much about it. Anyway I have found out that kindness and charity and a big heart go further

in the final accounting than any amount of distinction or beauty of face or form.

As I was saying, my education now seriously commenced, because every morning I was taken to the race track. My master rode me, and Barney rode Grasshopper or Jane. First, we would trot round perhaps a mile and a half or so and then canter a short distance. I should think our whole exercise was limited to two and a half miles. After the first week we went a little farther. When we were through our exercises our mouths and nostrils were sponged out and we were then unsaddled and rubbed lightly with a soft rub rag made out of old salt sacks. As these are best, salt sacks such as we used were always hard to get. Since the war I imagine it is almost impossible to procure them. Then we were clothed with light sheets and walked about in a circle until we were thoroughly cooled out. A bucket of fresh water was placed in the center of the circle and every few minutes we were allowed a swallow or two, because it would never do to give a horse all he wanted to drink at once when he has just finished his exercise. A bucket of water was always placed in the corner of our stalls both night and day so that we could refresh ourselves at will. This is the healthiest and best way to water horses.

In the old days race horses were worked a great deal more severely than they are now. Many of the old-time trainers absolutely butchered their horses. They trained runners as they would have trained a trotter, which of course is a different game altogether. But training improves, as do a great many other things.

And while I am talking about the improvements in training, it is not generally known that Americans first used the light racing plate, or shoe, which is now universally in use in all countries where horses are raced. Even in England, where they have raced for centuries, the runners wore what we call working shoes when they raced and did not adopt the light American plate until after the so-called American invasion. I might also mention that over-there, most European jockeys rode with a very long stirrup and sat almost bolt upright on their horses until Tod Sloan, the Reiff boys and Martin and O'Connor, Nash, Turner, Shaw and others went across and demonstrated the American style of riding

We have an old saying in this country when we speak about odds that it is "shoes to plates," which means to distinguish the difference between a horse who runs a race in his working shoes and a horse who is shod with light racing plates, the former being so

much heavier than the latter that in this country we always considered the horse who wore working shoes to be very heavily handicapped.

So it was that when our trainers went over there, shod their horses with the light-weight plates and had jockeys ride them who used a short stirrup and a crouching seat, they won race after race before European trainers woke up to what had really happened.

Of course, there were exceptions to this rule and I do not speak of all trainers over there, because some of them were men of as keen perception, class and ability as you will find anywhere, and when they discovered that many of the American methods were best they simply adopted them and did not waste their own time or their patrons' money in trying to prove that the old system was correct. Moreover, they employed American jockeys to ride their horses whenever they could get them, but be it also said that the English riders were not so slow to pick up American ways as were the older men. Some of them fell right into the American style of riding and thereby to a great extent held their own against the newcomers.

It was unfortunate that a coterie of race-track touts and other undesirable gentry connected with

the turf on this side, realizing that the occasion was ripe to make a killing, flocked over to London like the camp followers of a successful invading army. It is needless to add that they did not reflect credit upon the land of their birth or upon their countrymen who had gone over there to engage in racing from the purely legitimate standpoint.

This led to all kinds of misunderstandings, because many trainers and others who had been affected by the startling string of American successes raised a hue and cry accompanied by charges of unfair dealing directed at the visitors. American jockeys were accused of dishonesty, and trainers and owners of sharp practices. But the insurmountable argument against these ridiculous and unsportsmanlike assertions was that American jockeys won a large percentage of their mounts and American trainers kept sending winners to the post. Improved methods of conditioning and horsemanship brought down to a scientific and intelligent basis did the trick.

It is generally accepted that Tod Sloan is credited with inventing the crouching seat and short stirrup. Though I do not know that he is entitled to all the credit for this he certainly caused that style of horsemanship to be regarded internationally, though sev-

eral riders here had adopted it to some extent, if not to such an extreme as Sloan did before he came into the limelight. Such riders as Barnes, Harry Griffith and some others of their day must be credited as having been among the pioneers in realizing the advantage of this style of riding in a modified form. But, however this may be, no one on either side of the water questions the efficacy of it now and nowhere can we find horses raced where they do not wear the light racing plates first adopted in this country. I have heard my master say that part of Sloan's equipment when he first went to the other side was a big valise full of American racing plates. He also knew how to make a wind shield for his mount by pulling in behind the other horses in the race. That, together with his crouching position, made him subject to little or no wind resistance until he got ready to pull out and make his run for the judges' stand. Another help was that, by reason of having ridden so many trials against time as they do in this country, the American boys were better judges of pace than their English brethren.

No one questions England's supremacy in breeding great race horses and laying the foundation for the best specimens of the thoroughbred that the world has ever seen. But it must also be admitted

that American trainers and riders helped a long way to perfect the art of conditioning and horsemanship. From time to time we have imported into this country the best blood in England and Australia. Why, away back in 1780 Diomed, the very first horse to win an English Derby, was imported to America. It has been said that the majority of the English cracks have the blood of Diomed in their veins. Diomed's strain persists in many American first-raters, but to England must go the credit for evolving and fostering the thoroughbred until it reached the climax of excellence.

It is hardly fair to draw a parallel between English and American bred horses from the racing standpoint. Of course all of ours here are direct descendants of the English thoroughbred. But owing to climatic or other conditions very few English horses do well in a racing way when imported into this country, and in the same way when our horses are sent over there they do not seem to achieve the same success they would be likely to at home. There are exceptions, of course, and I speak in a general way. Where failures are recorded it is usually set down to the change of climatic conditions, because we find that when these horses are sent to the breeding farms

their progeny growing up in either country seem to have the usual share of success.

I am afraid I wandered up a bypath when I got off on the subject of Anglo-American racing, but as it was bound to come up somewhere in this story it might just as well be spoken of at length at this place as anywhere else. So I will get back to where I started out to tell you about my own first experiences.

After I had been trotting and galloping for some weeks I was allowed to speed a little at the end of my work. I was not speeded every day, but every other day. I loved this and was always eager to break away. It seemed to me that I could run about as fast as I wanted to, but my master always kept a steady hold on the reins and never allowed me to extend myself to the limit. Still I went fast enough as it was. Then one day I was allowed to speed for about one hundred yards, and two days after that the distance was stretched out until I raced a full eighth of a mile.

My master was always very particular about getting me off on the right foot whenever I broke away. That is one of the most important things with a race horse, because if his early education is neglected in this respect he is likely to get away from the post all

tangled up—that is as regards his legs when the barrier lifts. Nothing handicaps a young horse so much as not being clever on his feet, so my schooling in this respect was pretty thorough. For instance, I never broke into a canter from a trot. My master always pulled me up and made me break either standing flat-footed or walking slowly. So it was that in after years when I came to race I had learned to break away from almost any position in which I happened to be standing and so could discount being pushed round at the starting post.

At the time of which I speak the starting barrier, as it is now used on all race tracks in the world, was just beginning to be used by racing associations here. I believe the idea originally came from Australia; at least I have heard my master say so. But the first was not by any means so efficient as it is to-day, through the medium of American improvements. It is needless to add that as soon as some of our inventive geniuses grasped the idea several starting barriers, or gates, made their appearance in the bid for public approval, because every one recognized that starting horses with the aid of a barrier was in a general way the best method and had come to stay. So far as I know, the first barrier to work without a hitch and that appeared to fill the bill was invented

by an American racing man. This was later improved upon, but there have been so many claimants for the honor of origination that I would not go on record as adjudicating upon this point.

Much has been said for and against the system of starting horses in this way. So far as history tells us, this method was practically adopted by the Romans in the Circus Maximus, who stood their racers in stalls until the barrier was dropped. Of course this prevented the contestants from wheeling round, backing up or getting in each other's way, and so far as giving each a fair chance was an improvement on the modern method. The barrier gives a good fast breaker and a horse who is extra clever on his feet a decided advantage, while it handicaps others and frequently causes horses to shy or bolt sideways when the webbing goes up. If jockeys were under the thorough control of the starter I think the fairest manner in which to start a race is with the old system of walking up in line and breaking away, because then nine out of every ten horses will get off on the right foot, and moreover it avoids all the jamming and jostling we see at the barrier when horses are kept there for a considerable time and get out of hand through excitement. Very few men ever made a better percentage of starts or left fewer

horses at the post than did James F. Caldwell, who started under the old system.

One morning we went out to exercise as usual, and after we had trotted and cantered a while my master called to Barney to come up alongside as we rounded the turn at the head of the stretch. As Grassy cantered along with me he told me that we were going to work a fast quarter of a mile. This made me feel very much elated, as I thought that I could run over the moon that morning.

About twenty-five yards before we got to the quarter pole, I felt my master tighten the reins as he always did when he was going to work me and I noticed that Grassy was beginning to gallop faster. We increased our speed until we got within fifteen yards of the pole. Then my master yelled to Barney to come on, and away we went. Grassy was racing so close beside me that once or twice the stirrups clicked. And good Lord, how that horse did run! We raced a sixteenth of a mile together just nose and nose. My master did not have to urge me, because I would not have missed that race for a red apple.

When we got to the drawgate Barney took off his old felt hat and commenced fanning the Grasshopper's sides with it, but Grassy certainly was do-

ing his best without any urging. So we raced right to the judges' stand. I thought perhaps that I had a few inches the better of it down there, but when we pulled up and cantered round the corner and started to come back my master and Barney agreed that Grassy had put it on me by a few inches. Well, anyway, it was a great race and the boys felt mighty good, as they always maintained that Grass-hopper could beat any horse in the world at that distance. They talked a lot about my future and what a fine race horse I was going to make.

When he got back to the stable Jane was very anxious to know how I got along, and Grassy told her the true story of the race and how hard he had to run to beat me by what he called "a suggestion." The mare appeared to be very much surprised and at first she accused him of not running his best. Then she argued he must be feeling out of sorts or something, else he would have beaten the Shetland pony, as she called me. Huh! That lady would not admit that the sun was shining on a July day.

Grassy merely laughed. He never gave her an argument, as I before stated. He just said: "Well, wait till you hook up with this rascal yourself, and when you do, don't leave any of your speed at home, because you might need it in your business."

Of course I felt very proud of the great compliment Grassy paid me and when Jane was not listening I told him how much I appreciated it. I remarked that few horses of his class and reputation would have been so generous, and then good old Grassy, as was his wont upon such occasions, tore another leaf out of his book of experience.

"Whenever you are beaten or have tough luck in a race," counseled Grassy, "never be afraid to come right out and admit the truth. Always give credit where it is due and don't wander round drooling excuses."

Grassy said the world was full of mental blacksmith shops where folks were continually forging alibis for their own shortcomings.

"You mustn't expect to win all your races," he cautioned. "But it will take a good horse to beat you on any kind of a track and when that day comes don't let your soul shrivel up. Show that you have a stout heart in a race or after it. Besides, the world has no time to listen to the lamentations of a bad loser. Folks always judge you by results and the crowd follows the winners."

About this time Barney took a trip. He went back to Missouri to get the game chicken and dog he had left behind with the doctor. He took some

money with him, but it appeared from his story when he returned that he had lost that gambling on the train on the way down. So he had to borrow the money from our old friend, the doctor, to get home again. Barney laughed a good deal about this. My master told him that he should consider himself lucky because he didn't gamble the game chicken and the greyhound away on the journey back. Barney thought that was a great joke.

But when Barney was in St. Louis he saw his first starting gate. They had it out at the fair grounds where the race track was, and of course he had to investigate it thoroughly. He spent the better part of a week tinkering at the blacksmith shop near where we were then living, and one day he came out to the track and proceeded to rig up what he thought would make a great barrier. Of course it was a very primitive makeshift, but I will say that it worked after a fashion. Sometimes naturally it got out of order and Barney fussed with it until he got it in such shape again that it would fly up when he pulled the string. He never seemed to tire of setting it and pulling the string and seeing it fly up.

It was at Barney's homemade barrier that I received my first education in starting. My master

led me up to the barrier when it was down and let me rub my nose against the webbing, snapping it to and fro so that the noise or the flapping of the tape would not frighten me. Then he led me back a little way and held me by the head while Barney pulled the string releasing the triggers and allowing the webbing to fly upward. This was repeated several times. Each time I was led a little closer until finally my nose almost touched it. I was schooled in this manner until I did not take the slightest notice of the action of the webbing or the rattle of the paraphernalia as it unlimbered.

After that my master mounted me and Barney set the barrier again. This time when he sprung it my master kicked me gently with his heels and clucked to me to go forward. I broke away as he had taught me to do when he schooled me to canter, but of course not very fast at first. Next time I got under way with much more celerity, and by the fourth or fifth time I broke away I was able to get in my full stride a good deal faster than I thought was possible on my first attempt.

I was schooled at the barrier every second day after this. My master never asked me to break more than two or three times any morning, because he always said too much schooling soured a horse

and made him reluctant to go near the barrier at all. Many young horses are spoiled in this way. I think I can say without egotism that when this portion of my education was completed I was letter-perfect in the art of getting away. In all my races I was left at the post on only one occasion, the circumstances surrounding which will be chronicled hereafter.

My training now progressed until I was breezed half miles. I was getting stronger every day—growing and in better condition, of course, to race. I was not destined to be a big horse, but I promised eventually to become what the English turfmen called “a big little ’un.” My master and Barney were both very much pleased with the progress I was making, and we were all living very happily until one afternoon when we were brought face to face with dire calamity.

It was late in August, and from early morning until well into the afternoon the heat had been stifling. Not a breath of air stirred a leaf on the trees. It was so hot in the little low barn where we were stabled that my master turned us out in two little paddocks which Barney and he had built. The driving mare and Jane were turned into one and Grasshopper and I into the other. As I said, the

day was stifling and along about four o'clock we commenced to hear rumbles of thunder. This was followed by vivid flashes of lightning and after that large drops of rain commenced to fall. At first the sky bore a sickly greenish tinge, then from the west came a big black funnel-shaped cloud. The country round where we were was perfectly level for miles, as it is in parts of Kansas, and we could see the big angry black cloud spinning toward us just as you often see a miniature whirlwind catching up dust. It appeared to wipe up everything in its way as it came, turning and twisting like a huge corkscrew and tossing houses, trees and all else in its path to the four winds.

The big cloud was coming straight for us and it was getting darker every moment. The last thing I saw was my master and Barney crossing the yard and coming toward me. The wind was then traveling at terrific speed, but the brunt of the storm had not struck us yet. My master and Barney seemed to fight the elements for a moment or two. Then I saw them throw themselves flat on the ground. Just after that it got as dark as midnight. The wind howled, the rain fell in bucketfuls and forked lightning split a tree in two right in the corner of the paddock where we were. There was nothing to do

but to turn our backs to it and do the best we could. At the first assault of the storm Grassy and I were blown against the fence and held there by the force of the wind.

I asked old Grassy if he was afraid. He said he would be if it would do him any good, but as it wouldn't he could truthfully say he wasn't. That was when there came a little lull in the storm, but it was still dark. Grassy rubbed his nose against mine and told me to cheer up and not to be afraid. Of course I said I wasn't, but to tell you the truth I was scared to death.

It remained dark as pitch for nearly five minutes. For a brief spell there appeared to be a cessation in the force of the wind, but it came up again with increased velocity. The noise was terrific. I never heard a sound like that before or since, and I never saw it rain like the downpour of that afternoon. Then almost as quickly as it came up the wind died away, the darkness lifted and the sun came out.

But what a scene it was, to be sure. The whole surrounding country for about a mile wide, which lay in the path of the cyclone, looked like a field of wheat battered down by hail. I looked over to where Jane and the driving mare had been in the paddock next to us, but could not see a sign of them.

The barn in which we had been stabled was blown flat down and so was the dwelling house. Half of the paddock fence was blown away and many of the trees round the house lay uprooted and flat.

Fortunately my master and Barney had escaped injury, but only because they had sense enough to stay out in the open. Barney had received a slight cut on his forehead from a flying branch, but was otherwise unhurt. The man and his wife with whom we were staying came up from the storm cellar after the cyclone had passed. They knew the country better than we did and took refuge at the first indication of an oncoming storm.

At first my master and Barney thought that Jane and the black mare had gone over to the big lot after the paddock fence had blown down. They went to look for them, but could not find them. Then they came back and after searching round a good deal they began to investigate the ruins of the barn, and there they found them—both crushed to death under the big crossbeams. They had evidently run in there, as the door to the barn from the paddock had probably been blown open at the first assault of the storm. From all appearances they had both been killed instantaneously.

Of course this cast considerable gloom on our

little company. My master was particularly fond of Jane and she had won many good races. He regraded all of his horses as a man regards personal friends. So he took her death very much to heart. Jane and the black mare were buried that night in the corner of the little meadow near where they met their death.

The greyhound had gone into the cellar with the proprietor of the farm and his wife. Barney thought at first that Bill, the game chicken, had been killed when the barn collapsed, but along toward supper time he heard a faint crowing in the vicinity of the dismantled barn. Upon investigation we ascertained that it was our old friend Bill, who, buried down beneath about half a ton of débris, was still giving voice to his war song. After removing the pile of boards and laths above him we found him right down in the corner of an old manger, which had been the means of saving him by reason of the fact that falling boards fell crosswise upon its horizontal sides. He was just as chipper as ever three minutes after his rescue; and Barney, trying to cheer my master up and lighten the gloom attendant upon the death of Jane, cracked many jokes at Bill's expense.

Whenever bad luck of any kind overtook us, Barney was always ready to regale my master with some

new story or joke. He was one man who absolutely refused to be downcast. What his inner feelings were nobody ever knew, because Barney would have laughed and cracked a joke with the hangman if the noose was round his neck.

On this occasion Barney got to telling my master about the gamest man he ever met in his life—not only the gamest but the best loser.

He said he knew a Chinaman named Hop Toy once who was working for a big racing stable in the West. He was the cook, and another big stable had another Chinese cook named Ah Jim.

Chinamen are inveterate gamblers, and it appeared, as Barney told the story, that each of the stables owned a very promising three-year-old and naturally each claimed supremacy.

Well, the colts were to meet in a big stake race at San Francisco and the Chinese cooks of the rival stables commenced betting with each other on the merits of their respective champions. Finally Hop Toy got to the end of his resources. He had bet his money, his Sunday clothes and everything else of value that he had, and still Ah Jim was bantering him to bet more. Finally Hop Toy suggested that he would bet the gold filling in his teeth against ten dollars, and the other Chinaman took him up.

The race came off and Hop Toy, who had bet his dentistry on the horse of his choice, lost and, of course, all the boys round the stable knew of the bet. Ah Jim, who had won the money, had no intention of exacting payment of the last-mentioned bet, because he really was a pretty good scout. But the stable boys persuaded him to pretend that he was going to collect it, just for a joke. So that night, accompanied by all his friends from the stable, dressed in his best Sunday clothes and armed with a big kitchen skewer, he sallied forth and visited the losing Chinaman.

On his arrival he announced the object of his coming. The boys expected to see something that made a noise like a Chinese battle full of fireworks, but the loser quietly asked the winner how he intended to get the gold out of his tooth. Ah Jim, with considerable flourish, produced the big kitchen skewer. Hop Toy uttered not a word of protest. He simply sat down on a chair, opened his mouth and threw back his head. When he did that he won the title conferred by every race-track man in the West of being the gamest loser that ever stepped in shoe leather.

Grassy and I were now alone in the world and, as we had no stabling and everything was at sixes

and sevens on the farm until the folks got rebuilt, we decided to move. Consequently a few days after the cyclone we were all loaded on a freight car and started out for St. Louis.

At the time of which I write St. Louis held a unique place in the sports and pastimes of our beloved country, because it was possible to race there every day in the week except Sunday—and also every night. Most of the time two tracks were operated for daylight racing and there were also two merry-go-rounds lit by electric light for the benefit of those who could not patronize racing during the daylight hours.

The electric-light courses were necessarily very small affairs. As well as I remember, they were both something under half a mile in circumference and the track proper was lit up with huge high-power electric lamps hung on poles at brief intervals. The boys used to call them the Jericho tracks. That name has stuck to all minor race tracks ever since.

It is not necessary for me to dwell on the evil effect this had on racing. These tracks, combined with the winter-racing of the North, gave impetus to the crusade that finally came pretty near to legislating all racing in this country out of existence.

One electric-light track was right across the street from the St. Louis Fair Grounds. The purses hung up rarely exceeded one hundred dollars. The opportunity given to the public to gamble was through the medium of a syndicate book. Ten to one was the highest price laid against any horse and every race had ten or more starters. When I state this condition, further comment is needless.

So it was that the city of St. Louis at that time harbored many of the derelicts of the racing world. A horse or owner might be ruled off on the big tracks, but that did not stop his activities, because he simply shipped over to the electric-light affairs and continued his operations without let or hindrance. Pedigree, previous performances, real name and ownership were not taken much cognizance of. It was jestingly alleged that a race was rarely run at either track that did not have at least one ringer in it, and sometimes when owners at the bigger tracks became temporarily pressed for money or had experienced a particularly long run of hard luck they would send one of their good horses over there under an assumed name and pull down a purse, which, though small, helped to flag the feed man.

We procured stable accommodations at the old fair grounds and my education continued as before.

My master contemplated starting me in one of the short-distance races along in the winter some time, though we wanted to hold off as long as he could.

Barney used to go over to the electric-light track every night. He knew that ninety per cent. of the people who went there got the worst of it, but that did not make any difference to him. Finally he conceived the idea of taking Grasshopper over there and running him under an assumed name. He was going to ride him himself and bet on him. He thought that would be a fine joke and he told my master how it would be such a grand chance to clean up.

My master, however, did not believe much in the electric-light proposition when applied to racing. He told Barney that he could take the horse over if he wanted to, but to count him out of it.

Well, Barney went over. He had only twenty dollars but he took that with him to bet and he changed the Grasshopper's name to Inspiration. My master did not go over but sat in front of my stall waiting for Barney to come back. He arrived about ten o'clock, leading the Grasshopper.

As usual Barney had a wonderful story to relate. He had put Grasshopper in a half-mile dash and, according to his statement, had got off in front. He

led all the way round by a couple of lengths and was just easing up at the finish when a chestnut mare, as he expressed it, "dropped out of the clouds and beat him a snoot on the post." Barney said he afterwards recognized her as a mare called Dixie Sara, who had a reputation out West for being able to set a track on fire. She had been entered in this race as The Kitten.

Pretty soon the owner of Dixie Sara came along and had a good deal of fun at Barney's expense. But he took the joke in good part, being able to see the humorous side of it.

As a matter of course one meets some unique characters on a race track, not so much nowadays perhaps as you did then. Stabling right next to us at the fair grounds were five young Texans, all brothers. Four were grown men and the fifth was a tow-headed boy. They had only one horse, a cheap-looking maiden. My master used to talk to them a good deal, as they were peculiar characters in every way. But they had great faith in their horse and thought they were going to make their fortune with him some day.

He was an unlucky goat, however, because whenever they were about ready to enter him in a race he went lame or something else happened to prevent

his starting. They lived in the stall next him all summer and along toward the tag end of the meeting their supply of money was practically exhausted.

Well, one day they did get into a three-quarter dash for maidens, four year old and upward. You can imagine what a cheap bunch that was, because a maiden is a horse that has never won a race, and when one goes without scoring a win until he is four years old you can imagine what a very bad horse he must be. The Texans dropped into this bunch. They wanted to bet on him but did not have any money and of course nobody else would risk a cent.

In posting the odds the bookmakers laid all kinds of prices against the Texas horse because no money appeared in the ring to back him. Finally a bookmaker laid a thousand to one. One of the young Texans happened to have two dollars left. It was all he had in the world. He walked up to the bookie and bet that, receiving a ticket calling for two thousand dollars to two—if his horse won.

Would you believe it? That old Texas maiden just came home alone, "while everybody was looking out of the window," as Barney expressed it.

V

GRASSHOPPER went out to exercise one morning and came back limping. He had sprung what is called a quarter crack, which, perhaps I should explain for the benefit of those who do not know, is a crack in the hoof usually extending perpendicularly from the shoe and taking an upward course toward the coronet. It can be cured, of course, but it needs rest until the hoof is grown out. It is usual to pare the sides of the crack down in a V shape and it is well to keep the hoof soft all the time, so as to hasten growth and thereby close the fissure.

Of course this was rather a sad blow to the hopes of my master, who had the Grasshopper just on edge for one of the five-eighths dashes that were then so popular. He had figured on winning a good deal of money. Now, however, all his plans had been undermined.

But Barney as usual saved the situation to some extent, because he came over at noon singing a new song. My master was evidently not familiar with the tune, so he asked Barney for information on that

point. Barney said it was Rule Britannia. My master told him it did not sound a bit like it, but that if he felt like warbling the British anthem in that key and syle it was all right with him.

"But, Barney," said my master, "why should it be necessary for you to sing Rule Britannia? What's the idea anyway?"

"It's milk," replied that worthy, tilting his dilapidated hat over one eye as he always did when he was prepared to launch forth into argument or explanation.

"Milk?" queried my master incredulously.

"That's what I said, boss," replied Barney. "If I don't learn to sing Rule Britannia before night I'll be shy on milk for my coffee. As it is, I didn't have none this morning."

When pressed further, Barney explained that he was boarding with an old Englishwoman who gave meals to many of the boys who worked on the race track. She was a dyed-in-the-wool Britisher and always sang Rule Britannia when milking her cow. According to the lady, that animal had got so used to hearing Britannia's boast that she ruled the salt-sea waves that she would absolutely refuse to give milk if she did not hear this stirring strain. The cow's name was Victoria.

The day before Barney's landlady had got sick and taken to her bed. All the boarders had endeavored to milk the cow. So far their efforts had been without success, a fact that pleased the old lady mightily, because it was in direct confirmation of her argument that Victoria would not give milk unless assured that Britons never, never, never would be slaves. So, propped up in the pillows that morning, she had essayed to teach Barney to sing Rule Britannia. His idea was that even if he couldn't sing it with all the musical flourishes that were coming to it, he might make a stab at it anyway to camouflage the old cow and save the situation. My master had a good deal of fun over this and it seemed to help him to forget the accident that had happened at such an inopportune time to Grasshopper.

Unlike a good many young fellows surrounded by such associations as he was, my master never contracted the gambling fever. I don't think he ever had any desire to bet unless it was on one of his own horses, and then simply as a matter of business. In this respect Barney and he were exactly opposites in character and temperament.

But now since the accident to the Grasshopper he commenced going over to the betting ring every

day, because, as he argued, with Grassy out of commission and as I was not old enough to go to the races yet, he figured that he would simply eat up the money he had on hand and that it would be only a question of time before he would be broke anyway; so he tried to increase his bank roll by betting.

He was one of the best judges of horses and form that I ever knew, but still when he went outside his own stable and bet the odds were against him. Such being the case, it is in order that I should say something about betting on the races from the standpoint of one who ought to know the game.

You can put it down as an incontrovertible fact that no man or woman can beat the races if they stick long enough.

This is a rule almost absolute and hardly admits of an argument. But so long as horses are raced and betting is permitted folks will still believe that there is some system, or that by peculiar superiority of judgment they can balance the betting ledger on the right side. Well, they can't.

If you take the history of all the turf plungers we have had in this country, commencing with Walton and ending with those who operate on the race tracks to-day, you could count on the fingers of one hand

the men who played the races from the outside and got away with anything.

When I use the term "played the races from the outside" I am distinguishing between the man who makes book, or lays odds, and the man who bets with him. The bookmaker is on what is called the inside and is the layer of the odds. In the parlance of the turf, the man who bets with him operates from the ground, or on the outside.

A good many fortunes have been made on the turf by those who took the bookmaking end of it. It is a recognized fact in all games of chance, or where any betting proposition comes up, that the man who does the guessing has a percentage the worst of it. It is hard to explain why this should be so, but that it is a fact cannot be denied by any one who has had practical experience.

I don't mean to say that the bookmaker does not frequently go broke himself, because sometimes the public will pick a long string of winners and unless the operator of the book has resources sufficient to tide him over the rough going he will have to cease operations, but if he can last long enough he will win, and if the outsider keeps guessing long enough he will eventually lose.

The natural laws of chance alone, without any-

thing else, would beat the better. There is an average of seven or eight horses in every race. You bet on one and he is running for you, but the man you bet with has the six or seven others running for him. And though you may be successful for a while and have a wonderful run of luck, in that the horses of your choice will not meet with any accident or otherwise become the victims of any unusual happening, still in the long run the ordinary chances of racing—even provided you are betting on the best horses—will beat you.

The American turf has had many notable plungers. The first who achieved distinction was Plunger Walton, as he was called, who went over to England and surprised the Britishers by the size of his bets and the uniform success attendant for a time upon his efforts. But Walton lasted only a comparatively short time. His phenomenal run of luck forsook him and his name is forgotten except among those more intimately acquainted with the history of the American turf.

The mantle of Walton fell upon the shoulders of many aspirants for the honor of being considered the great American plunger. We had Riley Grannan and Davy Johnson and Chris Smith and George F. Smith, who was known as Pittsburgh Phil. Of all

these, Pittsburgh Phil was the only one who died leaving a fortune behind him. Of course we had Bet-a-Million Gates, but he was a rich man, and his lack of success on the turf even made him a canny better toward the last.

Of all the plungers Riley Grannan was the most spectacular. But the public heard mostly about his tremendous wins, and never about his losses until he was flat broke. He died out in Nevada a few years ago in a mining camp; died as he had lived—gambling to the last.

Grannan was spectacular, more perhaps owing to the fact that money had no actual value in his eyes than to anything else. His bets were limited only by the amount of his bank-roll or credit. He would just as soon have wagered a hundred thousand dollars on the outcome of a race, were such a thing possible, as he would have bet fifty cents. Added to all this, Grannan had nerve; or perhaps I should say he didn't have any nerves.

When Tod Sloan was riding in England and Grannan was in his best form in this country, he made a pilgrimage to the other side. For a few months he astounded the Britishers by his daring manner of operating. He won large amounts and the English bookies handed him his winnings with

a smile. They had all seen his kind before. They knew he would come back to them as many another had done.

But when Grannan returned to this country he had lost his old knack of beating them. He couldn't make his bets stand up any more, so eventually, with credit and health broken, he went out to a mining camp in Nevada in the hope of rejuvenating himself. Had he lived he might have done so, but the chances were all against him.

As a good judge of horses and a consistent student of form Little Chris Smith, as he was called, was possibly at the head of the class of the old-time race-track plungers. What his system was no one ever knew. He commenced playing horses in the pool rooms of Detroit and other cities. He was a quiet and unobtrusive fellow, polite to everybody but at the same time able to keep his own counsel. In those days the proprietors of the pool rooms would take what is called big money. That is to say, they would accept almost any kind of a bet. Chris Smith beat them so hard that he was barred in Detroit, St. Louis and other places. They wouldn't take his bets any more. I suppose they were afraid he was in possession of some special information that permitted him to win so many of his

big wagers. Such, however, was not the case. He was simply a tremendously good judge of form, and the horses he bet on were lucky in their races.

Chris Smith purchased a wonderful stable of race horses with his winnings, among which might be mentioned Yo Tambien, the famous mare, Van Buren, Maid Marian and others. They were all great race horses. And be it said to his credit, that no matter how much money Chris bet on the track or whether he gambled or did not gamble on his own horses, no one ever accused him of having his horses pulled or questioned the running of his stable. That, too, was at a time when hardly a day passed that some writer in the public press did not go after the conduct of the race tracks with a shotgun loaded up with rusty nails and broken glass.

Pittsburgh Phil, whose real name, as has been said, was George F. Smith, began life as a cork cutter working for about twelve dollars a week. One day a friend gave him a tip on a long shot. He played it in the pool rooms and won something like fifty dollars. That started him and from that day Pittsburgh Phil was a success.

It is claimed by old-timers that he was the most unemotional man they had ever seen on the race tracks. You could not tell by studying his face

whether he had won or lost. No one could even guess how much money he had down on the outcome of any contest. He was medium-sized, slender and almost delicate of physique. Students of psychology have said that this continuous repression of feeling eventually wore him out.

Most men will stay to lose where they won't stay to win. Every gambler will tell you that. But Phil was different, because whenever he ran into a sequence of losing days he was wise enough not to press his ill luck. On occasions of this kind he usually pulled up stakes, went away to some resort and did not come back to the races for a week or so. When he returned, however, the fur flew in the betting ring and many a bookmaker contributed toward the expenses of Pittsburgh Phil's holiday.

Phil conducted his racing operations as a merchant would conduct a business. He bought a stable of horses and made his first notable killing with a racer named King Cadmus, who won a race at odds of thirty to one. It is said that Phil pulled down upward of a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on this race.

His brother trained for him and another relative was his chief betting commissioner. In that respect he was a good deal like others who knew the value of

keeping business secrets in the family. He retained at a big fee one of the most astute riders of his day. That boy was as silent and taciturn as an Indian. He was the kind of rider that could get off a horse after a race and tell his employer all about him.

Men who have raced horses never underestimate the value of having an intelligent jockey such as this boy was. The majority of riders know and care very little about their mount and if they do not win a race they will tell the owner or trainer nine times out of ten that the horse is no account. Pittsburgh Phil's rider was not of this stripe at all. He knew when a horse needed another race to key him up, and he also could tell when his mount had had a race too many. Moreover, he could make a pretty good guess if a horse had been asked to go out of his distance, which being interpreted means to race a greater distance than he was capable of.

In other words, this boy rode with his head as well as with his heels, and the information he was in a position to give the man who retained him must have been invaluable. Many followers of the turf will tell you that this rider was responsible in a great measure for the plunger's latter-day successes, but that is only an expression of opinion, because wheth-

er he was or whether he was not will always be a matter of conjecture.

If Pittsburgh Phil ever received special information from owners or trainers of big stables outside his own no one ever knew it. Such intelligence must always be paid for in real money on the race track, and if Phil had bet on first-hand information he could easily have distributed several fortunes during his turf career. It is not likely that he did so. He was not the kind of man to buy opinions or capitalize guesses. The general summing up seems to be that he played a system entirely his own and never sought assistance or took counsel from the outside.

Those who knew the plunger best assert that he could see more of what happened to the various horses in a race than any man who ever stepped on the quarter stretch. He had a retentive memory and like as not he kept all this information and the results of his observations filed away in the back of his head until the time came to use them.

But be all that as it may, Pittsburgh Phil died worth something like a million. His wealth was divided among his relatives who had helped him to acquire it. He was the one plunger who always played them from the ground and got away with it. Like as not the main secret of his success or the why of

his uncanny knowledge concerning race horses and race-track activities, or his vision, or luck, or whatever you want to call it, died with him, because those who were most closely associated with the Pittsburgh plunger during his lifetime have not been conspicuous on the track since his demise.

In appearance George Smith looked more like a divinity student than anything else. His apparel was always severely plain. He was directly at variance with the popular conception of a roistering race-track plunger. In manner he was gentle, almost diffident, polite and courteous to all, still not the kind of man from whom one would expect an exchange of confidences. It is reasonable to predict that had he followed any other calling and branched out in the business world he would have been a success from a monetary standpoint, because Pittsburgh Phil was system personified. He had all the boys who tell you about efficiency and method and the saving of excess energy lashed to the mast. He came on the turf without any particular flourish of trumpets. He departed as quietly as he came and he hung up a record that will stand for many a day.

The funny part of it was that the bookmakers always reached eagerly for Pittsburgh Phil's bets, notwithstanding the fact that he was so successful.

The reason for this was that they argued that some day he would slip a cog and slide down the toboggan like the rest of the big betters who had made so many advents and exits. But he fooled them. He had not come back like the common or garden variety. He just kept on going and died a winner—died with the reputation of being perhaps the only big operator the American turf ever produced who met all comers in the betting ring, played the horses from the outside and took the long end of it for his.

On the distaff side of the house there have been few big betters, because the average woman wants to bet a little and bet it often. At the same time, when the female of the species gets the race-track fever it is pretty hard to wean her away from it. In the early days and in localities where racing was conducted almost continuously the fact that so many women became regular attendants at the races and gambled off every cent they could get their hands on had more perhaps to do with the adverse legislation against race tracks than anything else.

There were very few men—even those who gained their livelihood by working in or about the tracks—who were not outspoken against this evil, and in that one respect at least the “Wousers” who were behind the crusade against racing did creditable work.

The most daring female race-track plunger of the old days lived in Chicago. Her husband owned one of the largest racing stables in the West; in fact, at one time in the caliber of the horses and from a numerical standpoint it was one of the largest stables in the world.

Strange to say, this man never bet on his horses himself but was content with whatever they won in the way of stakes or purses. The lady, however, did gambling enough for a whole flock of families.

One day out at Washington Park this woman bet sixty thousand dollars on a horse belonging to her husband. He was second choice in the betting and ran head and head with the favorite all the way round the track and right down to the draw gate. Then ensued one of those hair-raising, heart-disease, sudden-death finishes, with both horses and riders straining every nerve to gain an advantage of a few inches.

Standing to win a hundred and twenty thousand dollars or to lose sixty thousand, the lady sat and watched the contest without batting an eye. The horses crossed the finishing line so close together that an ordinary blanket would have covered them both. No one but the judges could tell which had won. There was a slight delay before the numbers

were hoisted, and when they were that of the favorite went up first on the indication board.

"Tough luck," sympathized a friend who occupied a seat in the female plunger's box.

"But what's the matter? You don't appear to mind it any more than if you had lost five dollars."

"Why should I?" replied the other coolly and without displaying the slightest emotion. "It's not tough on me. The joke is on the bookmakers, because I'll never bet another cent on the races as long as I live."

And then the wonderful thing happened, because as if to demonstrate the glorious uncertainties of the turf, the jockey who rode the horse on which this lady had bet a fortune climbed into the judges stand and claimed a foul. Would you believe it? The judges allowed the claim and she won her money after all. But if any lady ever got a sensation on the race track that woman surely did, though from her words or manner no one could have sensed that it made the slightest difference to her one way or the other.

There have been other women who bet big money, of course, but none of them had the nerve of the lady from Chicago. She began where they left off.

John W. Gates stands alone in the history of the

American turf as the colossal plunger; but, of course, he cannot be classed with the men who made their money betting on races and lost it through the same channel. Every one knows that Gates made his money in business. He was a tremendously wealthy man and the actual loss or gain of money meant little to him. They used to call him Bet-a-Million Gates and it is said by those who know that frequently in the good old days when one would find sixty-odd bookmakers doing business in the ring, his bets for the day would often total round the million mark.

Gates would simply walk up to a bookmaker and inquire how much money he would take on a certain horse. Then he would bet whatever amount the bookmaker designated. In one of his pilgrimages round the ring it was not unusual for him to bet a hundred and fifty thousand dollars on one race.

Like many others who loved to gamble on the horses, Gates was interested in a racing stable. At the outset the racers carrying his colors were wonderfully successful, but after a while they commenced to lose. Gates loved to gamble to the last. Toward the close of his life, however, he was not nearly so enthusiastic a supporter of the turf. They could not break him or even make a dent in his armor, because he had too much money. But they

beat him so often that they made him respect the high card; and it is safe to figure that his racing experiences and his battles with the bookies put him many millions on the wrong side of the ledger.

When Bet-a-Million Gates first made his appearance on the turf the touts used to say that any stable boy could get the Chicago plunger to put a bet down for them. But toward the last the agile-minded gentry number Gates among the wary birds, and as one turf adviser expressed it: "Gates was educated until nobody could tell him nothin' about nothin'."

In this connection he ran to the form of all those who had preceded him and of the army which are following along every day. They all get educated if they stay long enough on the turf—wised up until they don't believe that cherries ripen or that trees have leaves or that rain falls perpendicularly.

Of course I have not mentioned many of the other notable plungers who from time to time lent color to the betting ring. Nearly every season saw a new one, but with few exceptions their histories were all the same—they came, made a splurge for a few minutes and passed on.

Turning to the other side of the betting ring and taking the bookmakers' end, this branch of endeavor

has produced many unique characters. There was old man Al Burton, for instance.

Burton was a tall gangling Tennessean, who when in the humor would take any kind of a bet. He was reputed to own most of the stock in the street-railway system of one of the largest cities in the South.

Burton's shibboleth was that the public couldn't pick them, and when he thought a horse did not have a chance to win he would always lay several points more against him than any other bookmaker in the ring. He had several pet maxims and was quite a philosopher in his way. When he wanted to give counsel of special weight, he always commenced by saying, "Don't bet on anything that can talk." His favorite beverage was champagne and plenty of it—in fact he rarely ever drank anything else. Then he would mount his block in the betting ring and yell like a Comanche Indian: "Come on if you want to back 'em."

When Burton felt like that you could bet him a king's ransom without making him turn a hair.

Sometimes, of course, he got out of line and the sharpshooters stung him good and plenty. But in the main his theory stood up. The public couldn't pick them—not as a regular thing—and as Burton

had lots of money behind him, he was always able to come back to the old stand the next day. He knew better than any one else that they couldn't continuously do the guessing and win his money.

After a particularly bad day like as not Burton would parade round the corridors of his hotel in the middle of the night. Guests who were still awake could hear him knocking his head against the walls and taking himself to task.

"Yo damned ole fool, Burton!" he would exclaim. "Yo infernal ole idiot! Who told yo, Burton, that yo' could make book? And won't yo' please tell me, Burton, how come yo got it in yo fool head that yo knew anything about race hosses? Mules for yo, Burton! That's what I said—mules! When yo die, Burton, if yo ever come back to this country, like folks say folks do, yo is goin' to be a gray street-car mule. That's what's goin' to happen to yo, yo miserable old fool, Al Burton."

Burton was a character, but whenever he thought he was right and that you were wrong, oh, boy! You could bet him till the cows came home. When he died he left a very large fortune. But Burton never gambled on the outside. He had only one system. He let the public do the choosing and he got their money.

Then there was "Virginia" Carroll, an impressive-looking and well-educated Southerner who took the booking end of it for his. Carroll was the quickest thinker the race track ever harbored; moreover, a master of invective and repartee.

Once on a wet day when a crowd was swimming round Carroll's book and as he was taking the money as fast as he could, a seedy individual approached and pointing with his umbrella expressed his desire to bet on a horse that was quoted at a hundred to one on Carroll's slate.

It was too small a bet for the high-rolling bookmaker to bother with—and besides he was busy. So he kept pushing the umbrella to one side. But this did not faze the bedraggled patron, who persisted in pointing at the horse of his choice.

Finally Carroll in desperation grabbed the rain protector and threw it into the booth behind him.

"One hundred umbrellas to one umbrella!" he shouted to his sheet writer—and so the bet was recorded.

There is an old race-track expression called "betting on the finger." It is a term which—being interpreted—means betting on credit. On another occasion a man whose reputation was not eighteen carat

in the way of settling his bets or making good his losses approached Carroll's stand.

"I'll bet you a hundred on the top one!" he exclaimed, pointing with his finger at the bookmaker's slate.

Carroll pushed the man's hand aside.

"Take it some place else," he enjoined. "I have a barrellful of pickled fingers at home now."

Another pioneer bookmaker, named Joe Gleason, made a fortune by laying odds that the public could not pick them to run first, second or third.

He was the originator of what is popularly known as the one-two-three book, and it goes to show more than anything else perhaps that Gleason thought the real percentage was against the man who has to do the picking.

Some people say that there is more money bet on the races to-day than there ever was. This may be so, but I doubt it, when one considers the big betters of bygone days.

They used to tell a story of the times when Isaac Murphy, the famous colored rider, went to ride for Lucky Baldwin of California. His first mount was on an untried two-year-old and as he had worked the colt Baldwin came to the jockey seeking advice.

"Is he worth a small bet, Isaac?" queried the master of Santa Anita.

"What do you call a small bet, Mr. Baldwin?" asked the rider.

"Oh, twenty or twenty-five thousand!" replied the California horseman carelessly.

Another anecdote is told about Gates. He was traveling in the South and a coterie of gentleman belonging to a famous club knew that Gates loved to play poker. They also were aware of the fact that small stakes would not interest him. So they clubbed together and got a bank roll of forty thousand dollars. Then they invited Gates to sit in.

The Chicago plunger pulled out his watch.

"Sorry, gentlemen," he exclaimed heartily. "I'm mighty sorry I can't accept your hospitality this evening, but I have to catch a train."

"That's too bad, Mr. Gates," explained one of the prospective hosts. "That's very disappointing to us. Why, do you know, we have clubbed in together and have forty thousand dollars among us that you can shoot at? Doesn't that interest you?"

"Forty thousand?" laughed Gates. "Sure it does! I can't stay and play poker with you, but I've lots of time to flip a copper for it before I catch my train. That'll only take a minute."

Even the Chinaman has succumbed to the lure of the race track and "for ways that are dark and tricks that are vain" you have got to hand it to Little Pete, a Chinaman who flourished some eighteen or twenty years ago on the Pacific Coast.

When Pete undertook to beat the races he went right after the cube root of things. Race horses had to have riders and Pete sensed that if he could form a coalition with jockeys he could sew up racing. The wonderful part of it all was that this slant-eyed celestial did succeed in forming the strongest combination to beat the races that the game has ever known. He actually formed a combination with four or five prominent jockeys.

They used to foregather in Pete's little hop joint every night and pick the winners for the next day. It is said that this combination hardly ever made a mistake. Their betting operations were conducted discreetly because they never bet too much. They won steadily nevertheless.

It took the race-track authorities many months of hard and expensive work to run down the Little Pete gang and by the time they did so the Chinaman who originated this system had acquired a comfortable fortune. Then his luck changed. He met a violent death at the hands of a Chinese gunman who

evidently would not stand for Little Pete's monkey tricks.

There was the colored brother, too, because every game known in the world of sport—as is demonstrated by writers of negro stories—has its colored plunger.

The colored disciples of the game were in their glory along in the early nineties. They were headed by a negro boy from Nashville named Charlie Jordan. And they made their presence felt at a time when the large betting rings were as full of book-makers as they would hold.

Jordan and his crowd pulled off one of the best things ever successfully engineered, with a chestnut horse named Frontenac, at the first meeting at Morris Park. The colored confederacy were reputed to have taken the better part of a hundred thousand dollars out of the ring on this race and for a while they won just oodles of money.

Simultaneously, however, there arose a protest against the negro invasion. It was publicly charged in the press of the day that a colored riders' trust was in existence and the sleuths of the race track were put on the trail. It is very questionable whether they ever discovered anything of moment, because very little was given to the public, but somehow or

another and dating from that time the colored riders became fewer in number as each season came round. To-day there are only one or two of consequence left.

It is hard to tell whether or not the fall of the black boys can be traced to the earlier turf activities of their brethren. But the fact remains that negro jockeys are no longer at a premium and that white boys have the call to-day.

The colored plunger disappeared as did his numerous white contemporaries. There are no more Charlie Jordans to keep the bookmakers awake at night. They all went broke.

The history of the turf is replete with hard-luck stories—as it naturally would be. A particularly tough one is recalled of a printer who worked on a New York paper. He bought a ticket on the great horse Hanover in the future books. It was months before the race would be run and this printer, having great faith in the famous racer, scraped together every dollar he could and bet on his choice at odds of fifty to one.

Hanover continued to do well in his training right up to a few days before the race. The printer used to go out to the track early every morning and watch

him work. Everybody said he would win. I think the race was the Suburban.

Many men who knew that the sporting type sticker held a ticket calling for a long price against Hanover were eager to get it at a discount. He was offered five thousand dollars for it but refused because it called for ten if the horse won. Nothing but an accident could prevent that, but on the morning of the race the Dwyer brothers, who owned Hanover, scratched him. He did not start.

Of course this was a sad blow to the poor printer, but—metaphorically speaking—he girded up his loins and prepared to tempt fortune again. He bought a ticket in the Louisiana lottery. Three days before the drawing he found himself flat broke. He was out of a job and hungry. So he sold the ticket for five dollars—which was half its face value—to a bartender on the Bowery.

That ticket won the capital prize of fifteen thousand dollars and when the printer heard of it he went over to a cheap lodging house, hired a hall bedroom and blew the top of his head off.

As I said before, my master used to go over to the betting ring every day. He did not say much about his losses, but from a word I heard dropped here and there I knew that he was losing steadily.

One evening he came back to the stable after the races were over and carelessly tossed a silver dollar over to Barney.

"What's this for, boss?" inquired the latter as he caught the coin deftly.

"Better hang on to it, Barney," enjoined my master. "Take good care of it, because it's the last of the family plate."

My master's finish in the betting ring was no different from the experiences of others, and so we found ourselves in the fall of the year with the races at St. Louis about to close and a long journey between us and New Orleans, which was our objective point. Barney, took my master's split-second stop watch and pawned it for a hundred dollars to meet present necessities, but that did not give us enough money to set out for the Crescent City.

VI

A BIG red-faced man came round to the stable early this morning and tacked a piece of paper on the door of each stall. Then he searched round in his pockets until he found a couple of padlocks and locked us in. It was my first experience of being in jail and I did not know until Grassy told me that the fat person was a constable and that he was acting as agent for the feed man. The stout one mounted guard over us and looked as he no doubt felt—very important.

You see, in those good old days, as they were called, the gentleman who supplied the feed and provender for the horses at the various race tracks was quite a somebody. In some instances he was either in partnership with the powers or had purchased the privilege to supply the race-horse owners with what they needed in the way of hay or oats or other stable equipment. Among the poorer owners the feed man had always to be reckoned with, particularly when he thought you did not have much of a chance to win a race and especially when a long meeting commenced to come to a close. It was then

that the man who supplied the provender waxed insistent. A few of them had the original Shylock backed off the boards. They charged drug-store prices—and then some—for anything they had to sell. Whenever a poor owner became delinquent the fat man with the padlocks hove in sight, tacked his little notices on the door and sent the occupants of the stalls to durance vile.

As I told you in the last chapter of this story, my master had gone broke betting on the races, and the seizure of the horses was the finale to a long run of bad luck.

Grassy said, however, that it would be all right. He did not know how we were going to get out, but he said it was part of the game and that every sure-enough race horses had been taken for feed bill at one time or another. He said that among themselves they called it being elected to the club.

Barney came round and did some swearing at the fat man, but as Grassy truly remarked, conversation would not take a padlock off a stable door. I might mention, however, that a few weeks afterward Barney met this same feed man at New Orleans, where he had come to visit the races, and they do say he beat him up some, because—he argued—our people would not have tried to cheat

anybody and the feed man could well have waited.

My master came down to the stable after breakfast. He appeared to be very much discouraged and was talking about telegraphing to our friend, the doctor back in Missouri, when a gentleman named Red Groget put in an appearance.

Groget was a tout and race-track hanger-on. He was not what you could call a race-track hustler, and perhaps I should distinguish for you the difference between the tout and the hustler. In the Antipodes they call the tout a guesser, because he simply picks out some horse to win a race and then digs up some foolish person to bet on his judgment. The tout does not believe in working. On the other hand, the hustler is usually up at daylight, timing the horses in their morning gallops and gathering what information he can about the movements of the stables. In the old days they usually worked for some bookmaker or sold what information they could get legitimately to regular betters or to owners. As a class they were active, energetic and intelligent. In other walks of life they possibly would have made a success. In contradistinction to this, the tout was simply a parasite.

Red Groget called Barney off and had a long talk with him. Then Barney went over with him

to another stable. When Barney returned he showed my master two hundred dollars that Groget had given him and told him that the latter had a horse he wanted Barney to take out in the country that night and make away with. This horse was now a three-year-old. His name was Alec Canley. He had been a very good colt in his two-year-form, but had been a great failure as a three-year-old. He was a bay with black points, not having a speck of white on him.

Barney told my master that Red had said that the horse was affected with glanders, which, as everybody knows, is an incurable and transmittible disease; in fact, the most dangerous of all with which horses are afflicted. He said that Red had told him that the owners of Alec Canley were afraid that if the authorities found out that they had glanders in the stable the state veterinary surgeon would destroy all their horses, as they were empowered to do so under the statute made to cover such cases. That was the reason that he wanted Barney to take the colt out into the country and destroy him. Red had been commissioned to do this job himself by the owners of the stable, but he said he had to go to Memphis that night and did not have time, so

he had told them that Barney was perfectly reliable.

He explained that two hundred dollars was a good deal of money to pay for getting the horse out of the way, but that they paid this rather than take the slightest chance of having all their horses destroyed, and as they had eight in their stable fit to go the races anywhere this at first sight seemed a plausible argument.

Barney said he had looked the horse over and that he did not believe that he had glanders at all. He thought it would be better to bring him over in the evening and have my master look at him. When he did so the latter immediately arrived at the same conclusion as Barney. He expressed the opinion that the horse was as sound as the day he was foaled and that there was something fishy in the whole transaction.

Barney and he talked over the situation for quite a while. The colt was very thin, which may have accounted for the bad form he had shown in his recent races, and Barney thought that he might come back to his two-year-old form if he was given a chance. He said he knew an old farmer ten miles out in the country where there was good pasture and that he would take the colt there and turn him

out. He could tell these people that he had destroyed him—according to the original program.

Barney's creed was always to keep the faith with everybody, but in the present instance both he and my master felt that they were being used to pull someone's chestnuts out of the fire; so they agreed to experiment a little and see if they could not outwit Mr. Red Groget and his friends.

The two hundred helped us out wonderfully, however, and on the following morning bright and early the feed man was paid off and we were aboard a freight car bound for New Orleans.

Barney had left the horse Red had given him with his friend the farmer, who had promised to take good care of him in his absence, so we all set out in happy mood because we were going to a new town, and I know my master was hoping that the ill luck that had pursued us at St. Louis would not continue.

Now in the early part of this narrative I said something about the touts who infested the race-tracks of the old days, and as they were versatile gentry in the pursuit of their somewhat precarious calling and without whom a story of the turf as it was would be dull and colorless, I will try to tell you about them and their activities.

In the early nineties and along up until the time that drastic legislation was taken against racing it might not be drawing the long bow to assert that sometimes five per cent. of the regular attendants at the tracks were touts.

Racing was continuous in those days. When the big Eastern tracks closed in the fall of the year the winter tracks opened. Right in the vicinity of New York City two or three were usually in operation. There was the Gloucester track outside of Philadelphia, running practically all the year round; two tracks racing at San Francisco; one at Los Angeles and the regular winter meeting at New Orleans—with an outlaw track operating part of the time. Then outside Washington a winter track was in full bloom and at one time even it had opposition. Chicago had Garfield Park and Hawthorne and St. Louis had its West Side and electric-light tracks.

Added to all this nearly every city in the Union was dotted with pool rooms. The tout did not even have to attend the race tracks, because every pool room had an army of clients the majority of whom had never seen the inside of a race track in their lives. It was a golden age of gambling—too good or too bad, whichever way you like to put it, to last. Is it any wonder that racing received a terrible

setback or that those in authority were finally forced to act, because the salvation of racing will always depend upon its being conducted within bounds?

But don't think for a moment that you can ever put an end to gambling. It doesn't matter whether it is on horse races or prize fights or baseball or fly loo. My master says he never could see the difference between betting on the speed of a horse and on the trend of the sparerib market, except that one is filed away in the pigeonhole called business and the other is stuck under the heading of sport. No matter how the Wousers fix it, red-blooded men and women will always back their opinion about something or somebody. The only thing you can do is so to regulate it that it does not become a national disease and that the temptation to gamble is not right before the public on every street corner.

But I was speaking about the tout himself, and many a good story is told concerning his ups and downs.

Some of them had the most elaborate schemes for rounding up gullible persons. One of them used to specialize on jumping races. When he got a good-looking prospect in tow he would invite him to his house. This tout claimed to control all the steeplechase jockeys and he would introduce the

come-on person to four or five boys whom he had schooled to impersonate the real riders. Then before the very eyes of the sucker they would fix up the winner for the next day. Of course if they happened to pick the right one, why the boob naturally thought he had met the real jockey and that the race had been actually fixed up. If some other horse won than the one expected they would tell him that a mistake had been made or that they had been double-crossed by one of the riders—that is, of course, if they thought they could get him to bet more money at some future time. If they didn't, they simply laughed at him. He couldn't say anything, because he had been one of the parties to a steal himself.

The professional tout discovered very early in the game that it would not do simply to tell a man that he believed a certain horse would win. He was a psychologist in a way and sensed the weakness of human nature. Nine times out of ten the tout who went after a big-money better told him that a race was going to be fixed up and it is a matter of record that many men who could not have been separated from their coin with a crowbar have fallen for the tout's story of how he was in the confidence of two or three of the leading jockeys and how easy it was to get a sure thing on the races. Men have

been betting on what they thought were sure things since racing was racing, because a certain percentage of our beloved citizens always want a shade the best of it. The race track and its surroundings formed a facile vehicle for the activities of the tout.

But it remained for an old colored man, who had been round the track longer than the memory of most folks ran, to get the original sure-thing dope on the horse races.

Before he went to the track each day he used to arm himself with eight or nine pieces of different colored chalks. These were the only tools he worked with.

If there were eight horses in a race he would pick out some man and beg him to bet on the first one listed on the program. He would tell him how he had seen this horse work and what a sure winner he was bound to be. To another man he would give the second horse, telling him the same story, and so on down to the end of the program. After he had hooked a victim and seen him bet his money he used to mark his coat with one of the pieces of chalk he carried in his pocket and so he kept track of the horses he had told each man to bet on. Then when the race was over and it was won—let us say, by Number Two on the program—he looked round for

the customer with the blue chalk on his coat, helped him to cash his bet and divided the winnings. It was a unique scheme. And whenever the old colored brother really did a hard day's work he collected on every race.

Another tout was a big impressive-looking man, looking very much like the owner of one of the big racing stables who was a Pittsburgh millionaire. This tout had a negro confederate who played the part of an old stable hand and who would approach any stranger who looked like money and was consequently and more than likely anxious to acquire a little information. The negro used to tell such that he was attached to the big man's stable. He would say something like this:

"Now, boss, Ise only a poor colored man, but dis yeah filly we're startin' to-day is de bes' we got in de barn. I rubs her. Ob course I doan know whether de captain will want her to win her fust out. If I thought you wanted to bet on her real bad I'd take a chance an' ask him. Dar he is now—up in de gran' stan.' "

Like as not the affluent stranger who had come to spend an afternoon at the races would be more than anxious to put down a good bet on a tip so direct from a famous owner, and he would immediately

declare his intention of doing so if the negro could get the desired information.

They would climb up into the grand stand and, hat in hand, the old negro would approach the bogus captain.

"Captain," he would say, "dis white gentleman here is one ob my home folks. I jest met him an's he would like to bet on de filly to-day if you thought she was just ready and you was a-goin' to send her out fur de money. I wouldn't ask yo, captain, but he's one ob my home folks."

It would then be the captain's cue to storm a little at the impertinence of the negro stable hand. How dare a negro to ask about the running of the stable? But finally he would cool down and somewhat reluctantly give the information. He would tell them that the filly was the best he ever had in his life, but cautioned them not to bet too much on her, because he intended putting down a swell bet himself and did not want the price spoiled.

That was enough. Avarice did the rest. The confiding stranger in his eagerness to get aboard such a good thing usually bet his bank roll, and as the real captain had a first-class stable and was in winning form at that particular time, many a stranger who visited the race track for a day's outing cashed

a good-sized bet and divided his winnings with his negro guide and counselor, going back home fully satisfied that he had received direct information.

Then there was the tout who did most of his work with bogus, or phony, tickets.

Previous to the legal elimination of bookmaking the pencilers, as they were called, used to give their customers pasteboard tickets on which were recorded the amount bet, the odds laid and the horse's name on which the bet was made. This naturally gave the old-time tout a grand opening and an easy vehicle, because most of them carried a pocketful of blank tickets, which were easy enough to procure, because uncashed tickets could be gathered by the bushel on the quarter stretch of any race track at the close of the day's proceedings. After that it was easy enough to erase the original pencil marks and put the tickets to other uses.

This brand of tout invariably handled whatever amount he had persuaded his client to bet. His system was to pick some horse which did not have a possible chance to win. Then he would take the money and tell his man to wait somewhere in the grand stand until he came back from the betting ring. He always argued that he could get a better

price from some bookmaker he claimed as a friend of his and so allayed the stranger's fears.

As a matter of fact, he simply put the money in his pocket and came back in a few moments handing his customer a bogus ticket on which meantime he had inscribed the name of the horse he had chosen and the legitimate price the bookmakers were laying in the ring.

It is to the credit of these enterprising gentry and a tribute to their superior acumen that they hardly ever made a mistake. As everybody knows, and in the natural course of events, it is much easier to pick a horse to lose than one that will win, but occasionally even these canny gentlemen slipped a cog.

They used to tell the story of a tout called Endless Motion Mickey, so named from the manner and celerity in which he moved from place to place, who operated in the days when Rome was young.

Mickey took the phony-ticket route for his, but one day down at the race track he met an affluent Cuban from Havana who had a yen on to bet them high and hard. Mickey, who was somewhat of a hypnotist and could deal out language as easy as a ton of coal falls into the cellar, persuaded the Cuban

plunger to let him take a thousand dollars to bet on a forty-to-one shot.

It is needless to say that Mickey never bet the money at all but simply pretended to go down to the betting ring and came back in a little while and handed the Cuban sport a bunch of bogus tickets that looked like a miniature pinochle deck. If the horse won they called for something over forty thousand dollars.

It was a stake race with a lot of good horses carded to start and Mickey in his innocence had rated the horse he was supposed to bet on as a cheap selling-plater. Unfortunately, however, the horse belonged to the Texas delegation. He had been under cover in all his previous starts and when the flag fell he made every post a winning post and won all by his lonely, as they say, beating the rest of the field in the commonest kind of a gallop.

As the horses neared the finishing line and it was quite evident that this nag would win unless he broke a leg, the Cuban plunger climbed on a chair and yelled himself hoarse. He thought he was winning a fortune. It was the event of a lifetime and in his imagination he heard them playing Conquering Hero.

But not so Endless Motion Mickey. It was too

much even for a rhinoceros hide and a stout heart like his. Mickey had been through many an adventure by flood and field, but some one had told him that these Cubans were natural-born killers and whenever they thought they had the worst of it they went after their enemy with a butcher knife in one hand and a meat ax in the other. So Mickey did the graceful thing. He fainted dead away and subsequently was carried out and taken to the hospital.

Some people say that he never recovered, but others allege that in one of our best-patronized asylums one may meet a nervous little man who insists on handing each visitor an old race-track program and whispers mysteriously that he has a sure thing in the next race which will be quoted in the betting at least as good as forty to one.

That's what the knowing ones say. But be that as it may, the race track never saw hide or hair of Endless Motion Mickey again.

There was another tout who always claimed to own a big racing stable. His dope was to take his clients over and show them the horses, at the same time airing himself as the real owner.

He was enabled to do this because he had fixed it up with the colored stable boy who was usually left in charge of the stable while the rest of the folks

connected with it went over to the races. So this tout would bring the victim over and show him the horses. Needless to say, it made quite an impression and the gullible one took the elastic off his bank roll much more readily when he thought he was doing business direct with the owner of several good-looking race horses.

But the guesser was handed a solar plexus one day when he took a new subscriber over to show him his horses. As they came in under the shed he noticed that all the stall doors were closed and the negro he did business with was nowhere in sight; but, of course, that did not faze him, because he halted in front of one of the stall doors and, as he unhooked it, said:

“Now, here’s the good old mare herself. She has won me many a stake race and I’m gettin’ her ready for a killin’ here. When we start you an’ me will cut seventeen kinds of a watermelon.”

Then having duly staged the climax, he threw open the door with a flourish. Imagine his consternation when an old gray mule, used to harrow the track, stuck his head out of the door. The good stable had moved out during the night and headed south. The tout hadn’t been round for a couple

of days and so had lost track of the man who had always kept him posted on their movements.

Another tout was so successful that he went into the race-horse business on his own account. He purchased a few cheap selling-platers and used them more as tools to work with than anything else. He discovered among other things that a little money could be made by sticking a cheap horse in one of the selling races and then claiming some other good horse in the race for his entered price plus the first money of the purse, as was then allowed by the rules of racing.

He found this quite a lucrative business for a while, because he often procured a good horse cheap and original owners were only too glad to get them back at a profit. The horse he used to run in these races was called Lake Friday. He got to be quite a joke after a while, because he always was in with a bunch that could beat him easily and the book-makers used to lay all kinds of prices against his chances.

One day this tout started to get even with a client who, he thought, had not given him enough money after a lucky win. So he told him to bet on Lake Friday—related a long story about how he had made him a race-track joke on purpose and that he had

been pulling him all the time. This was going to be the day. This tout could handle language and he convinced the man he intended to victimize that they would break up racing with the amount of money they would win. He chuckled to himself when the client agreed to bet two hundred dollars, which, as he was a man of moderate means, was a big bet for him to make. But the tout didn't care; he wanted to sting him if he could.

And then the race came off and the wonderful thing happened, because it was old Lake Friday's day out and he stepped to town faster than a frog going to a frolic. He had them all hollering for help at the head of the stretch. He just happened to do what any race horse is liable to do in his career. He had one good run in him and this was the day he gave a manifestation. The Turf Guide shows that he won easily by ten lengths and that he was quoted in the betting ring at odds of three hundred to one. The result of this race carries with it the story of the finish of one of the wisest gentlemen who ever borrowed a pencil or, as they said in the vernacular, "laid a lobster."

In the early days many of the touts traveled with a badge horse. The latter was usually some animal who couldn't win—as they say—a fixed race, but his

owner carried him from track to track, because when he applied for stabling he was entitled to an owner's badge and when he hung this on his buttonhole it was a declaration to all the world that he belonged and was directly interested in the ownership of horses.

A tout who owned one of these old broken-down horses once wanted to raise some money and dug up a little tailor for whom he had won a few small bets. The knight of shears was a little skeptical and refused to loan any money on the horse until he saw him work. So the tout took him down to the race track early in the morning, put a little colored boy he found round one of the stables aboard the nag and instructed him to start about fifty yards beyond the half-mile pole and work to the stand.

He figured that with a fifty-yard advantage and the tailor at an angle where he could not tell whether the boy broke from the pole or not the horse would be bound to show a fast half mile.

The little tailor had borrowed a stop watch. They weren't going to give him the worst of it—if he knew it. The horse broke away as per instructions and showed some speed to the head of the stretch. Then he commenced to die the death of a dog and the tout knew that unless something happened or he got a

fresh lease of speed life there would be nothing doing in the way of a loan. So he commenced to wave his handkerchief frantically and yell at the top of his voice. In stentorian tones he importuned the little negro to "come on with that horse," punctuating his remarks in swift asides for the benefit of the tailor to the effect that the little black imp was pulling him.

By the time the unfortunate nag got to the grand stand he had almost slowed down to a walk. He hadn't been out of the stable for weeks and the first quarter stood him on his head and made him want to call for refreshments. It was up to the tout to forge an alibi.

"You infernal little scoundrel!" he stormed as the boy rode his trembling mount back. You blithering piece of stove polish! Why didn't you come on as I told you to? Why didn't you come on faster? Tell me that!"

The little negro rider looked down at the belligerent one.

"Boss," he drawled quietly, "did yo' want me to get off an' walk?"

As a general rule few people in any line of life could think faster or act quicker than the dyed-in-the-wool tout. The exigencies of his profession all

tended to sharpen his wits. On one occasion a tout named Happy Casey borrowed five dollars from a goodnatured bookmaker, promising to pay it back on Friday.

Several Fridays came and went, but the money was not returned. One day the lender met the borrower.

"Casey," said the former, "didn't I loan you five dollars a couple of weeks ago?"

"That's what you did," confirmed Casey.

"And you promised to pay me back Friday, now didn't you?"

"Right you are!" responded the debtor affably.

"No mistake about that. 'Twas Friday all right. But I meant Good Friday."

Another gentleman borrowed fifty dollars from a horse owner. The latter had a keen sense of humor and as he passed over the money he said:

"Now, Bill, you're always looking for a good thing to bet on and I'll give it to you. You say you'll pay back this money Tuesday. Am I right?"

"Sure, I'll pay you back Tuesday!" replied the other.

"Well, that being the case," responded the owner, "I'll lay you five to one that you don't return this money Tuesday."

"Piker!" retorted the tout scornfully. "You've just got to be a common ordinary piker. Why any bookmaker in the ring will lay fifty to one that I won't pay you back at all.

Then, of course, we must not forget the original get-rich-quick scheme. Thousands of gullible people fell for this. It was a company ostensibly formed for the ownership of horses and betting on them. Deftly worded prospectuses were scattered broadcast through the country and the first subscribers to the syndicate received checks calling for enormous profits on their original investments. The self-advertising, which is the best form of publicity, did the rest. The head offices of the current organization were fairly swamped with money. They did a land-office business running into the millions until Uncle Sam woke up and seized several wagonloads of mail; and it was afterward said that nine out of every ten letters opened by the authorities contained money.

Some of these men fled the country, others stuck it out and have been credited ever since as having acquired a comfortable competence.

But getting back to my story, we arrived at New Orleans without a mishap or accident of any kind and settled down there to wait for the opening of

the winter meeting, which was a few weeks distant. Grassy's foot was getting all right and my master expected to race him the first week if we found a favorable spot. I was beginning to round into shape myself.

We were very comfortable in our new quarters, because my master had a great friend who lived near New Orleans and whom we will call the major. This gentleman loaned him money enough to tide him over until the meeting started. As I understood it, he was not a man of very considerable means but was a very lovable character and deeply versed in the pedigree of race horses and other branches of high-class sport. Added to this he was a man of wide knowledge on various matters and highly educated. He was of the kind who did not care much about appearance or display. He just wanted a few friends—the kind he could hold to. He always said that no man should lay up more money in this world than would pay his living expenses, purchase a toddy or two and keep him in hunting dogs. After that, he argued, there would be no one to reckon with but the undertaker—and that gentleman could look out for himself.

My master and he used to talk a great deal concerning the philosophy of life. I think they agreed

on most phases of it, because both were what you might call realists. They saw things as they actually were without any of the gilding or make believe or hypocrisy, which after all only tend to make people dissatisfied and uncharitable.

Grassy won his first race at New Orleans. It was the inuagural dash—five-eighths of a mile. My, but he did look pretty going to the post! And all the ladies in the grand stand applauded him. He won very easily. The major had scraped together some money and the odds were twelve to one, so he and my master had a few thousand dollars to divide after the race was over. This put an end to our financial troubles for the time being. I congratulated Grassy on his success, but as usual he took it just as a matter of course. He had the same old answer that it was his job and that it was a mighty poor horse or man for that matter who could not earn his keep and a little more besides.

VII

I MADE my real entry in the racing world at New Orleans. I can assure you that this day of days was one full of excitement and interest for me. I was entered in a five-eighths dash for all ages. It was what is called a condition race, so framed that all the contestants will have as nearly an equal chance as possible; and based on previous performances and age, I was asked to carry one hundred and five pounds. My master wanted to ride me himself, and as he ordinarily weighed a hundred and ten pounds he had to go out on the road and do some reducing. Added to this, he did not eat anything but tea and toast for a couple of days previous to the event.

In this connection I might say that the life of a rider who commences to put on weight and is desirous of keeping down to the scale where he can accept the ordinary run of mounts that are offered him is not by any means a bed of roses. To begin with, a growing boy is nearly always hungry, and very few of the riders have attained their full growth. As a usual thing they outgrow their use-

fulness as jockeys long before they reach their majority.

Some of the very best riders we ever had on the American turf, and for that matter some of the best on the other side of the water, came to an untimely end because they persisted in reducing until they undermined their natural strength and constitution. The famous English jockey, Fred Archer, and Fitzpatrick and many others in this country who could be mentioned were notable examples.

I have heard my master say that the last year James McLaughlin rode he tipped the scales at one hundred and fifty pounds in the wintertime and rode as low as one hundred and fifteen the following summer. But it was punishment of the worst kind and he had sense enough to give it up before he experienced permanent ill effects.

I guess my master had a pretty tough time getting off that extra five pounds. He used to bundle up in four suits of woolen underclothing, over which he would draw his ordinary clothes and over his coat would then pull a thick sweater. After that he would hit the road and jog five or six miles before he came back to the stable again. Barney begged him not to do so, as he was not of exceptionally rugged physique, but he said he was going to ride

me my first day or know the reason why. As it was, I carried a pound overweight because my master could not possibly get rid of the extra avoirdupois.

If I do say so myself, I looked mighty fine going over the saddling paddock. Ribbons of the racing colors were plaited in my mane and Barney had polished my coat until it looked like bronze copper. Whenever the sun hit it, it went to purples and pink with a dash of gold. Grassy went over to the paddock with me, because they thought I would not feel nervous if he came along. And this is a mighty good idea with colts starting for the first time, because if they have some of their own folks with them they don't pay much attention to the strange surroundings or the noise of the crowd or band playing and all the unusual scenes and excitement surrounding the race track.

Grassy kept on giving me advice and telling me not to be nervous. He said when I was at the post it would be a good idea to look out for the other horses' heels and to do one of two things—either to keep so far away that the horse next me could not possibly kick me, or to get so close to him that he could not hurt me if he did.

I reminded Grassy that I was pretty handy with my heels myself and that if they started anything

with me they would have to finish it, but he said that would be all right, only I was going out there to win races, not to fight. Grassy explained that it was always better to do the thing you started out to do, without figuring on doing something else. He said that lots of folks never got anywhere because they were always figuring on the side issues and not on the main thing. Grassy's philosophy was that there was very little in the old saying about looking out for the pennies and the pounds would take care of themselves. He said it was best to look out for the pounds and if you get enough of them you won't have to count your pennies.

I walked round the paddock for ten or fifteen minutes with a light sheet thrown over me. I had already been saddled. The other horses who were to race with me were kept walking round too. Some of the stable boys who knew Barney appeared to take quite an interest in my début and I think a few of them bet on me. I knew my master and the major also had bets down and the price was a long one, as it was my first start and nobody knew anything about what I could do.

After a while a man came along and blew a bugle and another big red-faced man came round and yelled to the jockeys to mount. My master came

into the stall about that time and Barney gave him a leg up on me. He had a new racing jacket on and looked what Grassy called pretty nifty for a rider. Then Barney took me by the chin strap and led me as far as the gate which opened onto the track. We all paraded in single file up past the grand stand and then turned around and cantered to the post. My master kept talking to me all the time, just as he used to do when we were out galloping. I was not a bit nervous and felt that I could run as fast as anybody's horse that day. Then we went over to the post where we were all lined up back of the webbing which formed the barrier, and the starter was calling to our riders to line us up and to come toward him walking.

Some of the horses did not do this, but cavorted and turned and twisted until we all got into a terrible tangle. One of them reared and pitched and finally threw his rider. He did not hurt him, however, but we all had to wait until one of the girths was fixed, which caused considerable delay. I did not like this, as the tension was beginning to tell on me. I had remembered all my master taught me and had stood perfectly still, facing the barrier, until we were all called on to move up by the starter. Finally the boy on the fractious horse was mounted

again and the starter's assistants commenced trying to line us up.

I guess they must have been a pretty bad bunch, because it seemed that they would never get them all headed the same way at the same time. Then the boys who were helping the starter seemed to lose their tempers. They both had long-lashed whips and one of them struck me across the hind leg when I was standing perfectly still. My master shouted to him not to hit me, as I was acting all right, but the roughneck down on the track swore back at him and said he would show him.

Barney had come over to the post and was standing inside the fence. He was belligerent as usual, and yelled to the starter's assistant that he would settle with him for hitting me. This appeared to make that individual more angry then ever, because just as the horses got straightened out and the barrier lifted he drew back his whip and struck me along the flank as hard as he could.

It was a cruel and uncalled-for blow. I had never been hit like that in my life before and did not know just what to make of it. So, acting on the impulse of the moment I backed up as quickly as I could toward where this brute was standing and tried to

reach him with my heels. I almost succeeded in doing so too.

Of course by this time the rest of the field had raced away and I was too far behind to catch them, so my master just cantered me round to the grand stand. He did not seem to blame me for what I had done, and for that matter Grassy did not either, except that he voiced the opinion that it might have been better to attend to the business on hand and to wait for some future time for a settlement with the assistant starter. I guess he was right, but under the circumstances I did not feel that I was much to blame.

When the starter got back to the judges' stand he told my master that he had put me on the schooling list, which is the racing term used when that official is of the opinion that a horse needs further education at the barrier before he is allowed to start in other races.

My master told him that I was well schooled, but he replied by saying that his assistant had said that I had given him more trouble than any horse in the bunch and had refused to break when the barrier lifted. There was enough truth in this, of course, to color it, which was about all one could say for it.

And I still bore a big welt along my side where I had been struck with the heavy-lashed whip.

In those days—and I believe it is so still—it was entirely at the discretion of the official starter to keep a horse as long as he saw fit on the schooling list, and had a lengthy sentence been inflicted upon me it would simply have meant that I could not start again until the ban was lifted. So my master had to go to a great deal of trouble and bespeak the good offices of some influential people who happened to be friends of the major's. Finally I was restored to favor, though the fact that Barney and the assistant starter had an altercation which ended in a free-for-all fight that night did not help any at first. But subsequently it did have a good effect, because the assistant starters were cautioned against the too liberal use of their whips.

Three days afterward I was carded to start again the conditions of the race and the distance being practically the same as formerly. I made up my mind that no matter what happened this time I would keep my mind on the running of the race. We went over to the post as before and fortunately got away at the second attempt. I had drawn the extreme outside position, meaning that at the post I was placed nearest to the outside rail, which of

course gave me one disadvantage, were I to retain that position until I reached the turn.

The moment the barrier lifted and we were in motion, however, my master rushed me diagonally across the track toward the inside rail. Before we had gone fifty yards I was in the lead and lying almost so close to it that he might have brushed it with his racing boot had he extended his foot a couple of inches. But in that short burst I had demonstrated that I had more speed than anything in the bunch.

I could hear their hoofs pattering after me and the wind was roaring in my ear just like you hear it if you hold a big seashell so close that in fancy you can hear the rumble of the waves. But I did not see any of my competitors until we had swung round the upper turn and got straightened for home. Then a big black horse ranged alongside. I had not been racing my best up to this time, but now my master clucked to me to go on. The black horse's head was at my throat latch and he certainly could run some. So I pinned back my ears and started the first big fight of the many I was afterward to engage in.

At first I thought that perhaps I could shake him off easily, but such was not to be the case. He kept

racing alongside of me and never showed the slightest weakness. He did not seem to get his head past my throatlatch, but he stayed there, and just as I began to be afraid that he would be a tougher customer than I had anticipated he dropped back to where his forehead band was on a level with my saddle skirts.

But we were not taking any chances. I just kept going as hard as I could. At the drawgate another horse came out of the bunch behind and challenged me. In less time than it takes to tell it he had pulled up even with the black horse and inch by inch crept past him. First thing I knew he was running head and head with me.

For an instant I did not see how I could possibly stand this strain, but the feeling of panic passed away as it came and I buckled down to my work again. We had reached the farthest end of the grand stand now, which was one seething, yelling mass of excited human beings. It appeared afterward that this horse was the favorite in the race and a great deal of public money had been bet on him. Very few people outside of a few stable boys, who did not have much to bet, and my master and his friend, the major, had put a dollar on me.

So down we came, racing through pandemonium.

It did not seem as if I could ever get away from that horse, and there were only a few yards more to go. I knew I had done all I knew how. But just within striking distance of the wire he appeared to falter in a way that was scarcely noticeable, but still it caused him to shorten his stride and in that brief space I had got a neck the better of it and flashed by the judges a winner by three or four feet.

As you can imagine, this was a great triumph for me, because I had beaten a horse that was pretty well thought of, added to which I had gone to the post a despised outsider, as it is called in racing parlance. My master and the major did not bet any large amount on my chances, because, of course, no one can tell how a colt will act the first time he races in company, but they did bet enough to win several thousand dollars, which as I was a long price did not necessitate the investment of very much money.

With the race the Grasshopper had won and mine, my folks were now pretty well on Easy Street and it was decided not to race me again until the summer meetings up the line.

When I speak of up the line I refer to the old-time circuit by which the horsemen traveled. At the close of the winter racing in New Orleans they would move to Little Rock and Hot Springs; then to Mem-

phis, where they always had a very excellent meeting; from Memphis to Nashville; and at the close of the Nashville meeting most of the horses went to Lexington or Louisville and after that to Latonia. When the Latonia meeting was over some of them went to St. Louis, but many of the more important stables went East and either raced on the tracks adjacent to New York or shipped direct to Saratoga and rested up there for the big meeting in August.

In those days the latter track was the grand meeting place for the horsemen of the North and South, besides which many Westerners and Canadians shipped their horses there to join issue with their brethren.

It was here that the highest-rolling gentlemen who loved to gamble—North, South, East or West—gathered to buck the tiger, as the old game of faro was called. Roulette was also popular, and it is needless to remark that poker games with the limit taken off grew behind every stump, as they say.

At that time Saratoga was a wide-open town. No obstacle was placed in the way of the visitor who wanted either to gamble with his money or get rid of it. And a notable fact was that, judged by the standards of to-day, the prices for accommodations even at the best hotels were more than reasonable.

I think this was due a good deal to the fact that the men who controlled the big hotels were mostly Americans. We had not up to that time felt the foreign invasion of hotel men whose only object was and is to key the public purse up to the limit.

In the clubhouse, of course, all the games were big ones, and any evening one could see some of the most prominent men in American politics, commerce, art, literature or anything you could mention, seated at the tables endeavoring to take a fall out of the goddess of chance.

Local gossip might be said to have been divided into two sections—one devoted to recounting the list of those who won or lost big wagers at the race track in the morning, and the other to those who did or did not write checks after the close of the games at night, though for that matter most of the indoor entertainment round town was along the continuous-variety order. Many an old-time sport wags his head when you mention the Saratoga of the early nineties.

"Ah!" he will sigh, "them were the days—them sure were the days!"

One of the big figures round Saratoga in those days was Charles Reed, but he was less like one who made the greater part of his income out of gambling

than any man in the world. Reed was a large man of English descent. He was an omnivorous reader and was well posted on almost any subject one wanted to broach. He was absolutely on the square. He maintained among other things a great stable of race horses. He loved the sport and owned many good ones, but I think the money-making end of racing never appealed to him very much. He loved the excitement and the sport for sport's sake just as much as any prince of the blood ever did.

Mr. Reed's stable was always turned out in a manner that would have delighted the critically disposed. Everything he had pertaining to his horses was of the best. Indeed I think he was one of the pioneers among American owners in the matter of beautifying the surroundings of the buildings that housed his favorites.

As philosophers, few men were Reed's equal. He always claimed to be a fatalist and accepted without cavil any verdict that Dame Fortune handed out. He subsequently purchased a large breeding farm in Tennessee and placed the famous English Derby winner, St. Blaise, at the head of his stud. As a breeder, however, he did not meet with very marked success.

The purchase of St. Blaise was one of the spectacles
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ular occurrences in Reed's career. After the death of August Belmont the elder, and in order to settle up his estate, the horses of the famous Nursery Stud owned by him were brought to New York City and put up at public auction. Among them was St. Blaise, for whom Mr. Belmont had given something like fifty thousand dollars in England—a big price in those days—and whose record not only on the English turf but as a sire of speed was of the best.

So it naturally followed that Mr. Lorillard, J. B. Haggin, of California, and several others of the rich men who were engaged in breeding race horses were very anxious to procure St. Blaise. And when the famous winner of the English Derby was led into the ring that night, looking like the emperor that he was, it is safe to say that representatives of every big turfman in the country were present. Amongst them was Charles Reed.

Mr. Easton, the auctioneer, did not waste much time in preliminaries. He stated in a very simple way that those present all knew the horse, his record and his performances, emphasizing the fact that they needed no eulogy from him.

“Now, gentlemen,” said he, “what do I hear for the mighty St. Blaise?”

The Englishman's sharp staccato challenge died

away. Men who had come to buy St. Blaise regarded each other nervously, but no one opened his mouth. They were all waiting for some one to start the ball rolling. It was a long pause.

"Well!" exclaimed Mr. Eaton again. "Well, gentlemen, what do I hear for St. Blaise? What do I hear?"

And then to the amazement of all those present a big man rose halfway out of his chair. It was Charles Reed.

"One hundred thousand dollars!" he boomed, and sat down again.

Even Easton; as polished and cool an auctioneer as ever mounted the rostrum, was momentarily taken aback. All eyes were focused on the big man who had made this colossal bid, but he was apparently oblivious of his surroundings and continued to peruse an evening paper which he held in his hand. Easton finally found his voice.

"A hundred thousand dollars for St. Blaise!" he shrilled, and there was a note of triumph in his voice, because it was the biggest bid at public auction of race horses that he or any other knight of the gavel had ever got. "Any advance, gentlemen? Any advance on a hundred thousand dollars for St. Blaise?" This last sentence half sarcastically.

But there was no response to the auctioneer's appeal. The first bid had taken the wind out of all the millionaires and left them gasping for financial breath. Down went the hammer, and with it Charles Reed manufactured a good page in the turf history of our beloved country.

After the sale a friend asked Mr. Reed why he had not waited, and suggested that the horse might have gone cheaper if he had allowed the bidding to go up by easy stages, as is usual.

"What was the use?" growled Reed. "I was sitting in a game with a lot of fellows who didn't care anything for money when they got started, and the only way I could win was to earthquake them before they did."

A little colored stable boy round Mr. Reed's racing establishments described the sale of St. Blaise in a different way. He had been present the night of the sale and some one asked him regarding the intimate details of the auction of this great horse.

"Dey was jus' two bids," volunteered the chocolate drop. "Jus' two bids—dat was all."

"Oh, you've got that wrong!" interrupted the seeker of information. "There was only one bid. Here it is in the paper. Mr. Reed offered a hun-

dred thousand dollars first jump out of the box and got the horse."

"Dat's all right," replied the colored brother. "Dat's all right, but dar was two bids ju' de same."

"Why, how is that?"

"Well," explained the black boy, "'twas dis way: Ole Man Reed he bid a hundred thousand dollahs an' de rest ob dem all bid him good-by."

As we now had some money, Barney thought it would be a good idea to go back to Missouri and look after the horse he had left there. He apparently had great hopes that he would round back into his old-time form. Barney stayed away about a month and when he returned he brought the horse with him, but he did not look anything like the sorry-looking nag he had taken out in the country the day before we left St. Louis.

This horse—Alec Canley—had really filled out until he was one of the handsomest looking colts on the race track. Barney had it right, because all the horse needed was a rest and a change of scene. He wanted what a great many horses do—namely, to be taken away from the excitement and the race track for a while, and were this same treatment given many of the horses who train off their form their

owners would find that it could have nothing but beneficial results.

It can't hurt a horse to turn him out for a while in surroundings where he will be taken good care of, and the chances are that it will do him a world of good.

The horse had been in our stable two or three days when one morning a little colored boy rode past on a three-year-old that looked so like Alec Canley any one who did not know both horses would have readily mistaken the one for the other. Barney stopped the boy and asked him what horse he was riding and he replied that the horse's name was Alec Canley.

Barney then talked to the boy awhile and meantime looked the horse thoroughly over from the tip of his ear to a very small white spot about the size of a dime on his right hind heel.

The real Alec Canley, which we had in the stable, did not have a single white hair on him, but apart from this and a slight difference in the set of the masquerader's ears the horses were almost identical.

After the bay had gone Barney told my master that he knew the horses's real name. He said it was Dutch Flat and that he was by a horse

called Oat Cake and that his mother's name was Lightning. Barney said he had known this horse ever since he was a yearling and that he could not be mistaken, because when the colt was a youngster he had got his head under a barbed-wire fence and the least little piece had been taken out of one of his ears. He had seen the scar there when he looked the horse over.

My master and Barney talked the matter over a good deal, but they did not exactly know how to meet the situation. Of course, they realized that he would be put in a race as a ringer some day under the fictitious name. So they thought they had better keep quiet and await developments.

The real Alec Canley, which we had, was taking to his work like a major-general. He had all his old-time speed and was apparently as good as he ever was. Barney figured on starting him in one of the short races in a very few weeks—unless something transpired meantime.

But one evening Red Groget came round to the stables as if he was merely paying a friendly call. He looked the horses over and gossiped a little about the goings-on of the turf, but neither by word nor deed did he give any sign or token that he recognized the horse he had given Barney in the first place.

Speculation as to why he had paid us a visit was set at rest the next morning, however, because the stable owner who had originally raced Alec Canley and who now was housing the horse sailing under his name came round and asked Barney if he had a bay three-year-old he wanted to sell. He explained that he had seen him out galloping on the track and liked his appearance.

Barney never batted an eye, but showed him the horse. The old man asked how he was bred and what his name was and the latter replied that he was a colt called Dutch Flat, by Oat Cake.

This almost—metaphorically speaking—kicked the legs from under the prospective purchaser.

“Dutch Flat!” he exclaimed. “Dutch Flat, er? Why a—why—Dutch Flat, eh?”

That’s the name he was christened,” confirmed Barney solemnly. “I have known him since he was broke.”

“You have, eh?”

“That’s what I have!” This from Barney in tones of absolute conviction.

The other man drew a long breath.

“Well,” he said at length, “I—er—I didn’t know that was his name. In fact I—er—I didn’t know what you called him. He’s a new one on me.”

"Of course you didn't. How could you?" soothed Barney. "There's so many horses round this race track—and most of them bays with black points—that the man who wrote the book couldn't keep track of them."

"That's right," confirmed the other hastily. "And of course a name don't make any difference. I like this colt's looks and if you'll put a price on him—well, we might do business."

"He ought to be worth fifteen hundred," returned Barney nonchalantly. "But at that I don't care about parting with him."

"Fifteen hundred!" stormed the other. "Why, it's too much! It's—it looks like robbery! Why—why listen a minute and I—I'll tell you something!"

"You don't need to tell me nothin'," returned Barney. "That's the reason I have holes cut in my hat to let out all the surplus information I get round here. The main thing is, do you want him or don't you? I guess you know best whether you do or not."

"I'll take him," returned the other hastily. "I'll take him! But just the same you'd ought to remember—you'd ought to——"

"The best thing a fellow can do round here," retorted Barney calmly, "is not to remember anything, an' all I can say to you is that if you buy this horse

the loss of memory specific goes with him. D'ye get me?"

"I understand," exclaimed the other sourly as he paid over the money. "I understand."

So that's how we got rid of Alec Canley and his connection. We heard afterward that sometimes he was raced in his right name and sometimes in that of Dutch Flat, but as we were not at any of the tracks he or his owners raced over I could not make a positive statement regarding his subsequent movements. In those days there were plenty of ringers. It is more than likely that he was one of the noble army of outlaws.

Before we left New Orleans the Grasshopper won another race. So when we started out we had enough money left to last us several months, if used judiciously. From New Orleans we went to Memphis, as we procured two stalls in an express car with another owner. This made the traveling a good deal cheaper than if we had taken a car to ourselves. We were heading back to St. Louis and taking the cheapest way of getting there, because as I said before—it was not my master's intention to do much racing until midsummer. And nothing unusual occurred until we reached the latter place.

But at St. Louis something happened which

changed all our plans for the summer, because my master and Barney met a boy who used to be a jockey but had got too heavy to ride. He was now living down in Kansas, near the Oklahoma line.

This boy was full of wonderful stories regarding the opening up by the Government of the land in Oklahoma. He said he knew where some of the most desirable sections were located and he wanted my master to finance an outfit and go down there. He claimed that the land in the Cherokee Strip, which was about to be thrown open for settlement by the Government, was the richest that laid out of doors, and that if we could get down there with some good horses we would be in a position to preempt this land when the grand rush was made.

An adventure of this kind naturally carried with it a tremendous appeal both to my master and Barney. They talked with this boy and planned for days regarding the trip. Finally they decided to sidetrack the racing game for the time being, and so we were all put aboard a freight car and started down to Oklahoma.

The freight train traveled slowly and it took us many days to get there, but as comfortable stalls were arranged for us we did not suffer any ill effects. I should have told you that before we left St. Louis

my master bought another horse for this boy to ride in the big land race. He was six years old and had, I believe, run third in the Kentucky Derby. He was a big, raw-boned horse, and while he did not have a tremendous amount of speed, Barney said he could run all day and that we might need him in our business when we got down in the Nation, which is the name by which the Cherokee Strip generally went in those days.

We all arrived safe and sound and as it was announced that the land would not be thrown open for settlement until September, we had more than a month to get ready and make all our plans and arrangements.

VIII

As I told you in the last chapter, the opening of the Cherokee Strip was postponed until early in the fall. As well as I can remember, it was in September. So we stayed round there just waiting for the big event, as many others did who—like us—were a little early in arriving for history's most notable land drive.

Of course, some years before we came Oklahoma proper had been opened up. That was in 1889, because at that time the United States Government had not made all its arrangements with the Indians for the ceding of the Cherokee Strip; and in fact the Kickapoo Reservation was not opened up until three years after our visit.

The first grand rush into Oklahoma proper was spectacular enough. Still I think it was generally conceded that the opening of the Cherokee Strip was if anything more so. It has always been a matter of surprise that more abundant contributions to literature did not find their inception in word pictures of this stirring event.

Away back in 1834 special reservations were set

apart by the Government of the United States for what were then called the five civilized Indian tribes, and down there in the Indian Territory, which is now generally spoken of as Oklahoma, they established governments on a civilized model. It is interesting to know that even at that early date small newspapers were published in the Cherokee tongue, Sequoyah's famous alphabet being used. The story of these tribes, their customs and the various incidents which led up to the final settling of Oklahoma forms one of the most interesting chapters in American history.

All the surroundings sustained the air of mystery and adventure with which the territory as a partially unexplored country had before that time been invested. Previous to its regular settlement the records of the United States courts at Fort Smith, Arkansas, and Paris, Texas, could boast that no other courts in the Union had such bloody records. At that time it was stated that nine-tenths of the American outlaws made that part of the country their stamping ground. It was ideal from the standpoint of the lawbreaker, because the adjacent Indian Territory with its miles upon miles of wild, primitive and uninhabited country furnished an unexcelled rendezvous for criminals. Many of these gentry were still

there when the land was thrown open to white home seekers.

You can imagine what a bizarre crowd assembled to wait for the big drive. It was the one place where nothing counted but the man himself. It didn't matter where he came from or why he left that place. The great majority, of course, were good citizens, who had journeyed from worked-out farms in the East or from unirrigated deserts in the West, intent upon making new homes for themselves and their families. But on the other hand was an army of adventurers who had no idea of settling, but came rather in the hope of procuring some land and selling it again as soon as possible thereafter.

Then there were the camp followers of both sexes—the gamblers, bootleggers and land pirates of every description. As I say, one could not expect to be taken at the valuation of the people in the little town he came from back home. He was sitting in a game now where nothing counted but the ability to outgeneral, outlast or outgame the other fellow without any assistance from the outside.

No matter what governmental care was taken of the Indians in the Far West, it is quite certain that those of the territory were pretty well looked after. When Oklahoma proper was opened in 1889 the

Indians were possessed of landholdings which were out of all proportion to their numbers. For instance, it could be found that only eighty-nine members of the old Iowa tribe were in existence, but they held two hundred and twenty-eight thousand four hundred and eighteen acres of reservation.

The Sacs and Foxs numbered four hundred and fifty-seven, according to the Government's census, and they held four hundred and seventy-nine thousand acres. The Cherokees were the largest living tribe in point of membership. They numbered nearly twenty-two thousand, but under the original agreement with the United States Government they claimed ownership to five million and thirty-one thousand acres of as good land as ever lay out of doors. The Cherokee Strip itself was fifty miles wide, running west of the Arkansas River and south of the Kansas border. The land for the most part was beautiful rolling prairie; hence the universal desire to participate in the apportionment of it when opened up to white settlers.

The story of the early settlement of Oklahoma proper and the other reservations reads more like the records of an army of occupation than anything else. More than that, it erected the monument to celebrate the last grand stand of the American Argonauts. It

is reasonable to state that there were very few men and women who had any of the old gypsy blood in them or who loved the adventurous life attendant upon the activities of the early settler that did not take part in one of the races for land down Oklahoma way.

They say that the site of one city was chosen by a little party of enterprising individuals who went into the old Oklahoma territory on an excursion train, stopped when a suitable place was found on the prairie, staked off their respective holdings and before night a good-sized town had sprang into being and the first edition of a daily newspaper was on the street. It also recorded that between daylight and dark of the opening day the city of Guthrie sprang into existence with a population of ten thousand people. What would you think if I told you that the Cherokee Strip was settled in half a day? Well, it was!

The tragedy or comedy of the whole thing was that when the bugle sounded and the cannons boomed, giving the signal for the mighty army of land seekers to advance, they went helter-skelter in every kind of conveyance that would add celerity to movement. Everybody pressed forward as if in search for the mythical golden skillet at the end of

the rainbow and they passed over land which—had they known it—housed the wealth of a gorgeous Midas.

Nobody was thinking about petroleum, and though in the winter of 1893 sand rock containing marked indications of petroleum was found round Stillwater at a depth of a hundred feet, nobody paid much attention to that. Why should they? They didn't come down to drill for oil. They were looking for land that would grow the biggest corn or the heaviest oats or the most abundant yield of wheat, and though an eminent scientist made an official report and almost prophesied the eventual location of these immense oil fields now in existence, which have made thousands of men rich overnight beyond the dreams of avarice, no one thought of the wise man's tip for nearly twenty years afterward and he was gathered to his fathers before he knew that his original diagnosis had been established.

A good many funny things happened while we were waiting, and during the interim I took part in a race for the smallest stake I was ever destined to compete for. One day when my master was away an old Indian came along with a little pony not over thirteen and a half hands high. He wanted to make a match race with one of our horses. He was a very

tall Indian and when he rode up on his little old pony it seemed as if his feet were not more than a foot from the ground, but he was very serious and wanted to have a race.

Of course this was Barney's delight. He stuck round with that old Indian half the day, arguing and talking, and what he enjoyed most, I suspect, was the fact that the Indian did not have any money. He had some pelts, among which I remember a couple of wildcat hides. He wanted to stake them against a hundred dollars in money.

Of course, at that time they were not worth any such amount, though they would be nowadays, and Barney argued round until the Indian agreed to put them up against ten dollars. He also had a beautiful beaded hunting shirt and moccasins which he staked against a couple of sacks of tobacco and ten dollars more. I guess that represented all his worldly wealth.

The Indian wanted the privilege of picking what horse he would race. So Barney showed him the whole three of us and he chose me—because I was the smallest, I suppose. The distance to be run was two hundred and fifty yards. The Indian also stipulated that. Quite a crowd had gathered to see this unique match and the Indian was as grave and stoi-

cal as if he was going on the warpath. When all arrangements had been made Barney asked him who was going to ride his pony, and when he replied that he was going to ride him himself I thought Barney would have a conniption fit.

Well, the ground was measured off, a judge chosen and the crowd lined up on either side of the impromptu race track. I was led out and saddled, but when Barney saw the Indian coming he could hardly keep his seat for laughing. Barney was just having the time of his life. The Indian's pony was all decorated with feathers and looked very gay. He had evidently been living well off prairie grass and was as fat as a roll of butter. The Indian had no saddle.

We lined up and somebody fired a pistol and away we went. The Indian was yelling and whipping his pony across the shoulders every jump. The poor little thing really couldn't run at all. So Barney just galloped me along beside him, letting the Indian keep about half a length ahead, and made him think he was winning all the time until we had gone about two hundred yards. Then he shook me up and, of course, that was the last of the little fat pony.

But the Indian was a good loser. He never said

a word or made any excuses. I forgot to tell you that we did not have any stakeholder. The Indian custom those days was to lay all the bets side by side on a blanket and the winner just walked over when the race was finished and picked up what belonged to him. The old Indian was very much surprised when Barney gave him back his beaded vest and moccasins. He could not understand that, and Barney tried to explain to him in pidgin English how he recognized that he was a good sportsman and that he was only having fun. The Indian did not sense the meaning of this for quite a while. When he did, however, he became very grave, and folding his blanket about him, stalked away muttering something that we could not understand.

A prospective settler, however, who understood the Cherokee tongue, explained to us that he was very much mortified because no one before had made a jest of his lack of knowledge of horses, which goes to show that the red man differs little from his white brethren when it comes down to questioning his acumen.

This was not the only race we had down in the Nation, because some gamblers brought in a very fast quarter horse and after a good deal of backing and filling they made a match against the Grasshopper.

The stakes, I believe, were five hundred dollars a side, but there were a great many side bets. Nearly every one had more or less money. When I say that I mean they had it when they got there, but with all the gambling games of chance and other ways of getting rid of money many of them were flat broke before the great day came for the opening up of the Strip.

The distance for this race was four hundred yards. The ground was measured right off on the prairie and as the people who owned the other horse were a pretty tough-looking outfit a good deal of trouble was experienced in selecting a stakeholder who would be agreeable to both parties. My master suggested several solid-looking men who happened to be about there and whose acquaintance he had formed. He judged them to be reputable citizens, but the others would not hear of them. They gave it as an excuse that they did not know them. It looked for a while as if the match would fall through, and in this connection the innocent bystander, who always appears to be about, played a part.

The latter individual was a little freckle-faced sandy-haired man with an eye like a ferret. He did not have much to say regarding the original condi-

tions of the race and appeared to be entirely on the outside; but when the question of stakeholder appeared to have arrived at the deadlock stage he came to the front with a unique suggestion.

Among the spectators was a little baby-faced boy about twelve years old. He looked a good deal like the pictures you see of cherubs, but he was the only mounted one I ever saw, and this kid was seated astride of a rather good-looking calico pony. The ferret-eyed man suggested that the kid should be stakeholder. He argued that if we were all afraid of grown-up men, why, it would be a pretty tough citizen who would question the honesty of a boy little more than a baby in years.

This seemed to meet the approval of everybody. The opposing parties were agreeable, and, of course, my master and Barney immediately fell in with the plan, so the thousand dollars, which was the sum total of the main stake, was handed to the boy on the calico pony. We had procured a reliable stakeholder at last.

The race itself did not differ very much from any of the other quarter races we had taken part in. My master rode Grassie, and a little shriveled-up boy—a half-breed Indian—rode the other horse. Considering his years and size, he was a wonderful horse-

man and knew every point of the quarter racing game. But that did not avail him very much, because after they had covered half the distance to be run it was quite clear that he could not beat Grasshopper, and the latter won easily by a couple of open lengths.

There was naturally the usual talk of challenging and counterchallenging after the race was over—in which it might be mentioned that Barney took a prominent part. Then all at once my master suggested that we should collect the main stakes. But would you believe it? The cherub-faced cavalier could not be found anywhere. That angel-faced youngster had disappeared as if the earth had swallowed him. Neither he nor the pretty calico pony was ever seen again by any of our outfit.

But seven or eight years afterward Barney met a man out in San Francisco who gave him all the inside information on the genesis and also the exodus of the cherub-faced boy. It turned out that he was the son of the ferret-eyed man who had assumed the rôle of the innocent bystander and that the latter was one of a gang of outlaws and bank-burglars who had infested the territory for several years. When you come to think of it, it was about as neat a frame-up as ever happened in connection

with a horse race, and as Barney expressed it when the smoke of battle had blown over: "A feller can learn somethin' from everybody, even if he has to go out in the jungles for an education."

During our wait my master made the acquaintance of two young Kentuckians, a brother and sister, who had come all the way from their home and brought their horses with them to take part in the big drive. It appeared from their story that they had been living on an old worked-out farm, which—added to the fact that it had become almost non-productive—was heavily mortgaged. They were orphans and had decided to put what little money they had left on the chances of procuring land rights in the new country. They had brought with them a couple of very good thoroughbred horses.

Both the boy and the girl were very good riders, but two days before the date set for the opening of the Strip the young fellow came down with malarial fever and the girl decided to make the race alone. My master invited her to join our party and all the boys promised to take good care of her, which relieved her brother very much.

At last the day of days came. For weeks before United States troops had been patrolling the boundary line, keeping out the sooners, as they were

called. Perhaps I should interpret this term by explaining that a sooner was one who stole in surreptitiously on the land before the date set for the opening and figured on establishing his claims to a desirable quarter section before any one who waited until the official time could have an opportunity of doing so.

Of course, the Government had made certain provisions for the registration of those who contemplated taking up land and had surrounded the acquisition of it with other safeguards. I cannot remember the details of the business end of it just now, but I do know that in the final accounting it occasioned many terrible mix-ups and a cross-fire of ugly charges and mutual recrimination.

The morning of the day found the intending settlers lined up all round the border of the Strip. As I said, the land was patrolled by United States cavalry, infantry and a host of temporarily appointed United States deputy marshals. It was a wonderful sight. As far as the eye could reach stretched a long line of men, women, children and nondescript vehicles. It is safe to say that representatives of every condition, creed and color known in the analysis of American sociology were represented. There they were, lined up for the greatest race in

history. Perhaps it was old Dame Fortune's king-pin joke. She had one-trump card up her sleeve. The intending settlers had no idea of the millions upon millions in crude oil that flowed under that same ground. Perhaps it is just as well they didn't, because more of them are alive to tell the tale to-day.

Of course, the men who were well mounted were considered the favored ones, or at least as having the best chance to procure choice locations. But apart from the saddle horse every wheeled vehicle ever invented was in evidence.

One man brought a four-in-hand from St. Louis or Kansas City—I forget which. It was driven by a famous English whip and carried quite a merry party of society people. But the Englishman, while no doubt a bear in Central Park, didn't know much about the ups and downs of cross-country work with the whole Cherokee Strip in front of him. He went too close to a gully, where the earth gave way under the pressure of the high wheels and over she went.

Fortunately none of his passengers was seriously injured, but they do say that there was some display feminine furbelows when the old boat turned turtle. A basket of wine was among the cargo. Of course it went galley-west along with the rest of the outfit and became a complete wreck. When the wine struck

the ground it lit near the spot where the English whip's wife was lying partially stunned, and when the bottles burst the joy water gave the lady considerable of a baptism. When she came to, the wine was running all over her clothing. A woman companion endeavored to condole with her because of the ruin it wrought to her apparel.

"Oh, don't mention it!" retorted the Englishwoman calmly. "I've achieved the ambition of a lifetime. I've always wanted a bawth in champagne. And, my word, my dear, I've got it!"

High noon was the time set for the commencement of the grand rush. As the hour approached every one was on tiptoe. It was ridiculous to see how some of them jostled for places in the front rank. One would think they were going to start in a hundred-yard dash.

The line formed on all sides of the Strip and, as I said before, each intending settler had his own way of locomotion. Some of them, of course, were on foot; and the strange part of it is that many of these procured pretty good claims after all. It was an exemplification of the old adage that the race is not always to the swift.

A young lawyer who had come down to that country made quite a spectacular figure. He rode a big

stallion—a horse which had the reputation of being so bad-tempered that no one could handle him until this young fellow came along, purchased him for a song and made him gentle. He was a very beautiful animal and was known very widely for years afterward, because in making a run for membership in the state legislature his owner had ridden him up and down the country until every man, woman and child was familiar with his history.

Our little party, including the young lady mentioned before, procured a position pretty close to a detachment of cavalry. They had with them on a carriage a light cannon, and some of the soldiers warned us that our horses might become unmanageable when the big gun went off. Barney assured them in his jocular way that we would take care of that part of it.

I think our crowd were the least excited of the bunch, because win or lose we looked upon it as an adventure. The ex-jockey had told us that the land he had selected was about two miles and a half from our side of the line. There was some question at first as to whether I should take part in the race or not, but my master overruled all objections, because he urged that the pace would not be fast and that at best it would be only an exercising gallop for me.

Anyway, he said that he wanted to be able to say afterward that I had taken part in the biggest horse race the world had ever known.

Promptly at the stroke of twelve a cavalry bugle rang out, followed by a deafening roar from the gun. We could hear this repeated at other points down the line. It was the grand signal and away we went in the world's prize scramble.

It would be hard to describe the scenes that followed, because they beggar all description. It has been variously estimated that the number of people who took part in this rush ranged all the way in numbers from twenty to twenty-five thousand. Still every one knows that big crowds are never estimated correctly, and when you come to think of it twenty thousand is an awful mob of people. I have heard it stated that there were that number on horseback alone; but were the truth of the matter unearthed, I believe the horsemen did not exceed five thousand in number. Still, when one comes to think of it and can picture in the mind's eye five thousand horsemen springing into action at the report of a gun and racing madly across the prairie it constituted what you would call a regular sporting event.

At the signal the horsemen naturally took the lead, followed by the conveyances—ranging from

the latest thing in buggies to the ramshackle sulky. The old prairie schooner was also very much in evidence. They contained the real hardboiled settlers and the wagons were as a general thing loaded down with all the family belongings, including of course the omnipresent four or five tow-headed kids.

In the first mad rush one captain of a schooner lost a couple of his crew, because two of the little olive branches fell out of the tail end of the wagon and their father drove madly forward, utterly oblivious of his loss.

Another enterprising settler kept throwing stuff out of his wagon to lighten the load as he went along. He played no favorites. Crates of chickens, bedding and bed clothing, cooking utensils and everything else pertaining to the more intimate details of the household were scattered to the four winds as he urged his horses forward. Finally, when he found that this would not lend sufficient acceleration to his progress he left his wife and children sitting in the middle of the prairie and went on alone.

The remarkable part of it all was that very few of the horsemen knew anything at all about conserving the energy of their mounts so that they would last their journey cut. They raced away from the

line, whipping and spurring as if they were going to cover only a distance of a few hundred yards. Most of their horses were absolutely dead to the world when they had traversed a quarter of a mile. Some of them lasted a half mile, but very few of them went more than that distance without showing unmistakable signs of distress.

Strange as it may appear, the cowboys were the worst offenders in this respect. They did not seem to know anything about husbanding the speed of their horses, and with heavy saddles and accouterments they were soon left far behind. So far as we were concerned ourselves, we took it easy, starting out at what one might call a fair hand gallop and permitting the crowd to get well strung out.

If anything in the world ever demonstrated the value of good breeding, that race in the Oklahoma Strip did. As I said before, at the end of the first half mile most of the poor animals, whether ridden or driven, had bellows to mend and they were scattered all over the prairie in various stages of tardy motion. Many of the old ramshackle rigs had broken down and most of these derelicts were left where they were stranded, while their erstwhile owners unhooked their horses and pressed on as well as they could.

Before we had gone a mile we were practically alone. Not entirely so, of course, because some fifty or a hundred horsemen who were well mounted and who kept off the early pace were spread out fanwise on the prairie. It was quite clear that each had an objective point and knew where he was heading for. The young lady with us was in high feather and it was a merry gallop. At no time were we extended to anything like the limit of our speed, because the farther we went the farther we left the others behind.

Finally we got to the point where the ex-jockey decided we should stake our first claim. That was, of course, dedicated to the lady of the party, and while we were driving the legal marks a pretty tough-looking character with a repeating rifle slung carelessly over his arm made his appearance from the cover of some stunted cottonwoods close by.

He was a "Sooner." There was no question about that, but he advanced with all the assurance possible and warned us away from what he called his property. He claimed to have arrived there five minutes before we did, but when we asked him how he came he got all tangled up, because he did not have a horse or any other means of rapid transit.

Still he insisted that the place was his and that he

would kill any one who tried to stake a claim on it.

We did not have much time to waste arguing with him, so Barney got off the horse and pretended that he would like to purchase the land. I must tell you that my master and the other boy had gone on. The young lady and Barney stayed behind.

Barney walked close to the sooner, and taking some bills out of his pocket pretended to be counting them. He kept saying he would like to buy the place, and the sooner, though he claimed he would kill any trespasser, appeared to be in a more receptive frame of mind. Finally, Barney was quite close to him, talking all the time. Then he played one of his old tricks. Before the land pirate knew it, Barney had kicked his gun clean out of his hand and procured it. The other was so taken by surprise that he never knew exactly what had happened. It finished the argument so far as he was concerned. He begged like a dog to be given something for his claim, but as he did not have any right to the property Barney just warned him to get away from there, and he finally left, muttering maledictions of all kinds but thoroughly cowed.

Owing to Barney's activities, the young lady with us secured a mighty nice claim. When last I heard of her she and her brother were still living down on

the Cherokee Strip and were well-to-do. So far as my master and the rest of them were concerned, they all filed on the amount of land allowed under the government rules. But shortly after proving up their claims they sold them again at perhaps one-twentieth part of what they are worth to-day. Had they possessed the vision they might have kept them, but I really believe their land quest was never attended by mercenary motives, and then—as boys will—they failed to make any provision for the future.

When I look back over all the events of my life I have come to the conclusion that the race for the land in the Cherokee Strip was the most notable, attended as it was with all the romance and excitement that it would hold. It is something, anyway, for a race horse to feel in his old age that he has helped to manufacture some of the history of these United States.

From that time on, as I told you in the early part of this story, I raced up and down in the country from coast to coast and from race track to race track. If I were to relate the story of our wanderings it would only bear a sameness which might become irksome to the reader. You see, we had our good days and bad days. Sometimes we had plenty of money

and at others we were so flat broke that my master and Barney were often short of provender.

But through it all we had good times and that was youth. It is all something to look back to, not without pleasure either. I do not mean to say that at any time we represented the aristocrats of the turf, because when two boys, young and thoughtless, start out together they don't weigh the consequences which might accrue subsequently but play the game as it comes to their hands. That too is youth.

Still I am glad that I took part in the greatest of all sports, which is racing. It is a good thing to know that we have always had in this country men who have been jealous of the best traditions and keen for the support of all that is uplifting in connection with this royal pastime. I do not mean to say that we have not in the conduct of our racing made many mistakes in the past and we may make some yet, but in a general way I am sure all those who know best will agree with me when I say that the turf in America was never in better condition than it is to-day and that the sport is safeguarded by those in authority as it never was before.

Bookmaking is not countenanced by the jockey clubs any more. In some states the *pari mutuels* have been legalized. The pity of it is that the great

West, which aforetime supplied so much that was good in the game, has been practically eliminated.

But still racing will go on. It is the world's most ancient form of amusement from the speed standpoint. It has lived down many vicissitudes and will always find warmest support from liberal-minded, intelligent, progressive people. They will see to that.

When you peruse this narrative you may find many incidents which are not exactly rated among the ethical. But, as I said before, that represents an old dispensation and the doings of a generation who from the turf standpoint have been forgotten. We are now in a new era. Everything is different and perhaps it is best for the good of the permanent reputation of this sport that the old buccaneering days are over.

So that's the story, and as you read it you might take a leaf from old Barney's book of experience, because he says that when you go to dope out the record of anybody or anything the best way is to throw out all the bad races and remember only the good ones.

(THE END)



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